HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.

The portrait laid before the readers of this journal this week is that of James Gordon Bennett, editor and proprietor of the New York *Herald*. He is probably generally considered the foremost editor in the United States, and occupies a prominent place in the list of distinguished men whose portraits it is the business of this paper to give.

Mr. Bennett is a Scotchman by birth, but his biographers do not agree as to the place where he first saw the light nor the time at which he was born. It has been understood that he is preparing a volume of personal memoirs, which will, doubtless, contain full information on these points; till it appears, the public must be satisfied with general report. That authority asserts that he was born near the town of Keith, in Banffshire, Scotland, about the year 1800; that his father was a farmer of the better class, a devout Catholic, whose wish it was to educate his two sons, James and Cosmo, for the priesthood; that the latter did, accordingly, study for the Church, and discharged ecclesiastical duties till his death; that the former, after receiving a handsome education at the local schools, and subsequently at a clerical institution at Aberdeen, felt himself unsuited to a priestly calling, and sought independence in another continent. It is believed that it was in the year 1819 that Mr. Bennett sailed from Scotland for Halifax, Nova Scotia.

His means were very limited, and he was glad to accept a position as usher in a Nova Scotian school, to supply his immediate wants, on landing in America. It does not appear that he liked the business, however, for, within a few months, he is heard of as reading proof in the largest publishing house in Boston, Massachusetts. It is said that he was remarked, during his stay in Boston, for his studious habits and his love of reading. Wearying, however, of the monotonous life of a proof-reader, he soon left Boston, and found his way to New York, where he became connected with the press. Some time after his arrival here Mr. Willington, of the Charleston *Courier*, came to New York in search of an assistant. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Bennett, and perfected an arrangement with him. For the following year or two Charleston was Mr. Bennett's home. It occupied at that time a higher position relatively to the other cities of the United States than it fills now. It then fairly contended for supremacy with New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Its papers were influential and enterprising. Mr. Bennett served a useful apprenticeship on the *Courier*, and obtained a practical knowledge of the duties of journalism. The debt is already being repaid; and the time may come when the Charleston *Courier* will boast, as not the least among its glories, that Mr. Bennett was at one time connected with it.

On his return to New York, it appears that Mr. Bennett opened a commercial school in this city. How it prospered the public have now no means of ascertaining; it is certain, however, that its proprietor soon relinquished the ungrateful duties of a teacher for the more congenial sphere of journalism. Very shortly after his return from Charleston he was known as a writer for the *National Advocate*, and subsequently for the New York *Courier*. Of this latter journal he subsequently became proprietor; on its failure, he resumed his connection with the *National Advocate*, and won considerable professional reputation by his accurate reports of the famous trials for fraud which followed the commercial crisis of 1825–'6. It seems that the idea of full and fair reports of legal proceedings was so foreign to the customs of that day, that much objection was made to Mr. Bennett's labors on behalf of the public; he persevered, however, and hence the future historian will not lack materials to describe the memorable events of that day.

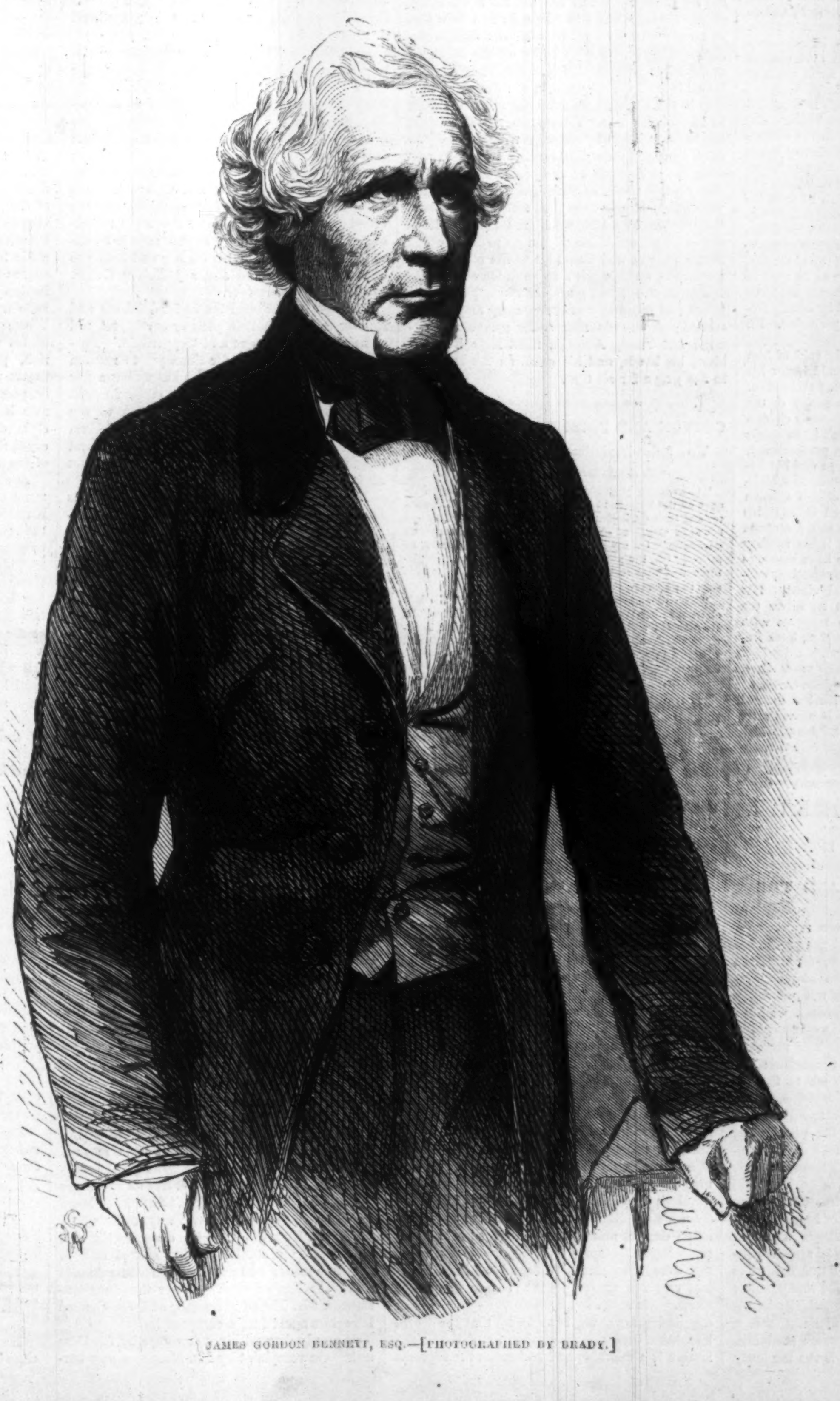
Within a short period he transferred his services from the *National Advocate* to the *Enquirer*, an influential paper of the time. He was, during the session of Congress, its Washington correspondent, and seems indeed to have borne the heat and burden of its editorship. In the year 1829 he suggested to Mr. James Watson Webb, editor and part-proprietor of a paper called the *Courier*, that a union of the two journals would be mutually advantageous; the suggestion was adopted, and the *New York Courier and Enquirer* accordingly appeared. For three years he was a prominent and active editor and correspondent of that journal; spending his winters at Washington, and contributing largely to the editorial department of the paper during the summer. In the course of the year 1832 a difference of opinion between Mr. Webb and Mr. Bennett led to the retirement of the latter from the *Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. Bennett was a stanch supporter of Jackson and Van Buren; Mr. Webb thought fit to oppose them, and his associate conscientiously withdrew from the paper.

The idea of a paper of his own naturally occurred to him. It is instructive to note that his first project was a journal which he "offered to conduct *under control of the party*." A wholesome experience that! He started his journal, the *Globe*, accordingly, in 1832, and saw it die soon after, apparently without regret. His trial of "the control of the party" had taught him a useful lesson. When afterward he went to Philadelphia, and became part-proprietor of the *Pennsylvanian*, "the party" found him rather indocile; the "control," seemingly, was not as perfect as "the party" desired. The newspaper tool actually ventured occasionally to think for itself, an unparalleled instance of monstrous audacity, demanding instant rebuke and exemplary punishment. The independent editor was assailed by the Washington *Globe*, and rudely rebuffed by his political associates when he sought such assistance as was invariably granted to party editors of that day.

The pressure developed independent journalism. In May, 1835, in company with two printers, Mr. Bennett published the first number of a new daily journal—*The New York Herald*—which was not "under control of the party." It was destined to be a newspaper in the true sense of the term, and its peculiar merits instantly won for it a measure of public support. A series of accidents—the conflagration of the printing-office, and the death of his partners—for a time interrupted the progress of the undertaking; but, after a brief delay, the *Herald* reappeared, the sole property of its editor, Mr. Bennett. It is believed that he had no more than five hundred dollars in money when he undertook to publish a daily paper in New York.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since then. During this period the *Herald* has fought its way to the head of newspaper literature in the United States. No American journal at the present time can compare with it in point of circulation, advertising, or influence. Its most bitter assailants concede to it unrivaled sagacity, and enterprise in the collection of news. Its friends regard it as a universal guide. It has, naturally, been much abused. Abuse is the necessary price of success in any business; and it must be admitted that Mr. Bennett has not given himself much pains to conciliate his rivals. His plan has ever been rather to court than to avoid controversy; his lance is always in rest, and his powder invariably dry. But whatever rival journals may have said in their wrath, no one can seriously deny the merit of the *Herald* without impugning the judgment or the morals of the community which for twenty years has given it a generous and undivided support.

To enter into an examination of the views at various times advanced in the *Herald* would be beyond the limits of this sketch. But it is due to Mr. Bennett to mention two great reforms which he introduced into the business of journalism, and which have proved the secret of the great success of the metropolitan press. He was the first newspaper proprietor in the United States who had the courage to refuse to adver-


JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

tise or supply his paper on credit. No one who is unacquainted with the business can realize the mischief which the credit system did to the press of olden time. Newspapers were uniformly crippled by the dishonesty of their patrons. No man thought it wrong to cheat a newspaper. As an instance of the fatal consequences of the credit system we may mention that, at this moment, the outstanding debts on the books of the *National Intelligencer*, for papers supplied and advertisements published on credit, amount to nearly half a million of dollars. Mr. Bennett broke up this ruinous system; he refused to sell papers or to advertise save for cash; and all his competitors hastened to follow the example he had had the boldness to set. In the second place, he set the example of a newspaper independent of politicians. How he acquired his distrust of "the control of party" has already been mentioned; but it is not generally known now—it is so long since—that at the time the *Herald* was started, the support of some influential politicians was considered essential to the success of a newspaper. It was deemed preposterous for a journal to hope to thrive without at least a Governor, a Senator, or a handful of Congressmen to indorse it. Mr. Bennett disabused the public mind on this head. He had learned that political patronage, like protective duties, is really more injurious than beneficial to the paper patronized; and he had sickened of the base selfishness which prompts ambitious men in every sphere of life to seek to use the press, and to turn round afterward and repudiate the obligation. Mr. Bennett was the first editor who taught the press of this country the duty of self-dependence; who set the fashion of looking to the public alone for patronage, and of treating all individuals, whether politicians, financiers, or social leaders, as subordinates and not as masters. For this great reform he deserves to be remembered as long as the United States can boast of an independent press.

When the *Herald* was first started, Mr. Bennett may be said to have written it all himself, and to have managed the business department besides. His scanty resources did not permit him the luxury of a copious staff of assistants. As success dawned upon him he increased his force, until, at the present time, the staff of editors, reporters, and correspondents engaged on the *Herald* is considerably larger than any other paper can boast. But the direction of the paper remains in the editor's hands. His spirit imbues every article and every paragraph. Though his means and his past labors would justify him in the enjoyment of leisure and relaxation, it is understood that when he is in the country he is as attentive to his editorial duties as if he were working for a livelihood. Every morning, it is said, he may be found in his office at work, and he is often there at a late hour in the afternoon. He reads all the papers as carefully as he used to do twenty years ago, and his assistants need the closest attention not to be surprised by him. Nothing escapes him that is of newspaper value. He will evidently die in the harness.

The New York *Daily Times* lately said of him that, when he was dead, people would honor his memory as a great editor and a great statesman. The remark does credit to the sagacity of the *Times*. If, in summing up Mr. Bennett's character, his future biographer shall think fit to single out any particular characteristics as predominant, he will probably allude to his courage and his fertility in resources. No man ever possessed a higher degree of moral courage than James Gordon Bennett. He has proved a hundred times in his career that, as he said himself, he was not afraid of man, devil, or newspaper. Nor is his fertility less rare. He is said by those who have access to him to overflow with topics of conversation, subjects for articles, new and original views. His originality—the tact with which he seizes the striking point in debate, and the resource with which he defends himself when assailed, have frequently been the subject of comment.

Mr. Bennett married, some eighteen years since, an amiable and accomplished lady—Miss Crean, of New York, a native of Ireland. He has several children, the eldest of whom—who is named after his father—is the owner of the yacht *Rebecca*, which led the New York yachts in the great race the other day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 10, 1858.

THE HOT WEATHER AND THE HOLIDAYS.

LORD ROSSE would have won repute as a prophet if he had not denied the prediction which was lately ascribed to him; for we have already had weather hotter than any experienced since 1853, and we have not got fairly into the dog-days. From the foretaste we have enjoyed, it is fair to conclude that we are going to have a very severe summer. The mercury has ranged from 98° to 104° throughout the North and West—from New York to the St. Lawrence; from Springfield, Massachusetts, to St. Louis; and from Washington to Milwaukie, Wisconsin. And, contrary to the usual rule, the "heated term" lasted over four days.

It has driven people headlong from the city. For heat, which, on certain brains, produces that form of insanity which is treated with ice to the head and strait-waistcoats in cells, creates, among the fashionable masses, a milder form of lunacy, developing itself in erratic locomotion. No general method of treatment has yet been devised by the faculty for this peculiar disease. The doctors, seeing it practically harmless, have concluded to let it alone. It is a curious malady, however, and worth studying. Its chief diagnostic, as we said, is the tendency to flight from the city—a feature not unlike the drapetomania which physicians have remarked among the Southern negroes. Every person of common sense can perceive that our city dwelling-houses are far cooler and more comfortable than the wretched barns called hotels at fashionable watering-places; yet the persons who are attacked by this disease, while pretending to complain of the heat, rush headlong out of their cool and roomy houses in the city to hot, cramped cells in these hotel-purgatories. Another mark of the disease is the tendency to aggravate its cause by unwholesome practices. Young women who are attacked will be seen to dress in the most uncomfortable fashions, to exhibit excruciating waists, and to dance madly with the thermometer at 90°. Young men have been remarked to drink quantities of heating liquors, to play heating games, and generally to aggravate the cause of their trouble as much as possible. The student of physiology and material nature will derive instruction and amusement from observation of this singular and hitherto undescribed malady.

Some of the papers tell us that the watering-places will not be crowded this year. The prediction is not likely to be fulfilled. There are aged persons among us who assert positively that there was a revulsion last year, and that much money was lost by many. This is not the belief of "Young America." That personage has no recollection of any radical disturbance having occurred during the period of his social career. He does certainly remember that last fall "the old man" was very anxious and troubled; but he has since recovered his spirits, and should "Young America" now run the risk of depressing them again by suggesting economies? By no means. He is too dutiful a child for that. So he will go to Saratoga and Newport as usual; will take his horses down or hire the fastest there; will drive Flora on the beach or to the lake; will play his bluff for the old stakes, take his iced Champagne in the old way, and, also in the old way, send the bill to the old man to be footed. For "Young America's" spirit is not to be subdued by common tribulations. To mere financial revulsions he rises superior; and though the expense of the junior members of many a household at Saratoga or Newport this year would largely help their father to surmount the troubles in which all shared last fall, he is not to be stinted. So, if you go to Newport or Saratoga, you will find him at the old spot, as numerous, as expensive, as valuable as ever.

Banks may break; merchants may fail; the peace and prosperity of the country may be disturbed; thousands may suffer grievous privation; but Young America must have his cobblers, his bowls, and his stroll on the beach or in the grove for all that.

COTTON AND PORK RESPECTABILITY.

The following letter will explain itself:

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.*

"Conversing yesterday with a mercantile acquaintance on the household troubles of our common benefactor and friend, Charles Dickens, he observed that 'it was not to be wondered at; that class of people were sure to go wrong.' On my inquiring what 'class of people' he meant, 'Oh, the people who write books, and paint pictures, and that sort of thing. They,' he added, 'were sure to go wrong somehow.'

"The disgraceful scene which occurred at the late election in England between the author of 'What will he Do with It?' and Lady Bulwer Lytton induces me to inquire whether you agree with my mercantile friend, and whether, in your opinion, 'that class of people' always do go wrong? Yours,

"Beeswax."

If "Beeswax" and his mercantile friend were exceptions to the general faith among merchants, we should have hesitated about granting them the space which the above letter occupies. There is reason to believe, however, that they are fair types of a class which represents much of the wealth, intelligence, and influence of the people of this country. They are, it is presumed, the rule rather than the exception among merchants. And that merchants, in the United States, are the ruling class—that they rule society, morals, public opinion, and politics—must be evident to every one who reads the papers or mixes with his fellows.

It is therefore worth while to assure "Beeswax" that, despite the illustrious examples which he quotes, there is nothing in literature or art which essentially predisposes a man to "go wrong." The pursuit of both has generally been considered rather elevating than degrading. Nor can that time-honored opinion be controverted by reasoning. It is not reasonable to suppose that the cultivation of the intellect, or the development and discipline of the fancy, can operate to the disadvantage of the heart or morals. On the contrary, whatever tends to enlarge the mind naturally improves it, and enables it the better to discharge its natural obligations. The more thoroughly a man develops the high intelligence which he received from his Creator the better he fulfills that Creator's design, and the more useful he becomes to society. Authors are, and always have been, the world's teachers. There have been faithless teachers among them; but to deny that any, or the majority, have been useful in their day and generation, is to assert that the world had been better without them, and that civilization is a mistake, and barbarism the supreme good. And to pretend that a man whose life is impure or "wrong" can teach wisely is manifestly fallacious. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh; bad men will write bad books; the books which teach mankind are the fruit of sound, right minds.

We do not pretend to deny the elevating tendencies of a trade in cotton or pork. Associate a little, incredulous reader! with the blessed elect who deal in these and similar commodities. See how their minds are wholly engrossed by the contingencies which may give or take away from their means a few dollars and cents. Their conversation is a series of extracts from a ledger or day-book. Their stories turn on the successful manner in which A cheated B, and managed at the same time to evade the law; or on the adroitness with which C collected a debt from D, who was a cheat of an inferior calibre. As to their jokes, they will tell you that P put in twenty thousand for discount, was refused, and broke, whereupon the bank president met him and asked did he want any more accommodation that morning? Ha! ha! ha! Or they will relate the standard joke of the flour merchant who bought ten thousand barrels on ten days' credit, and sent round next morning to offer the sellers fifty cents on the dollar as the best he could do. Ha! ha! ha! Whatever may be said of the merchants, they have a refined and neat sense of humor. They are a liberal, tolerant class of men, too. You won't find them cutting a man for a mere Penitentiary offense. On the contrary, you shall meet Cotton Pork, Esq., and Molasses Rum, Esq., and Sugar Plum, Esq., and our friend Beeswax, and all the other leading merchants of New York, in the houses of men who don't pay their debts, who cheat poor mechanics, who don't tell the truth, who ought to have been long ago, and will perhaps be some day, in the State Prison.

Evidently, a life spent in the practice of virtues like these is well calculated to develop the domestic instincts. A man who habitually thinks of nothing but dollars, talks about dollars, jokes about dollars; whose notion of fun is successful fraud, and whose sense of humor is dull to every thing but ingenious rascality; who will not object to take an unfair advantage of a competitor in trade, and who will tell a falsehood to do so; who systematically eats the bread and drinks the wine of the most nefarious swindlers of the day; such a man is necessarily superinduced by his calling and habits to be a faithful husband and a judicious father. No doubt of it whatever.

Perhaps it had been better for Dickens and Bulwer to have dealt in pork or cotton, instead of writing the Caxtons and Copperfield. Perhaps it is not too late for them yet to redeem the error of their ways. Who knows but a few shipments of lard or purchases of beef might soften their hearts, and elevate them to the high and pure standard of the Pork and Rum families? If trade, as Beeswax and his friend insinuate, is our only salvation, should we not all fall to cheating each other at once?

But for us, who feel that these noble hearts have suffered, because, being men, even the exalting influence of literature could not shield them from the failings of humanity, we shall mourn over their afflictions as sorrows which we all share, and shall pray that God, who has mercy for great and small alike, will grant to our beloved teachers the peace which He does not always deny even to the meanest of the merchants.

THE WAR OF THE RAILROADS.

A CONVENTION of railroad officers was held on Wednesday, 30th June, at Buffalo, for the purpose, as the call stated, of taking in consideration the recent action of the New York and Erie Railroad in lowering the fares from the lakes to tidewater below a paying point. The convention met, organized, passed a resolution appointing a committee to inquire into the quarrel between the Erie and the Central, and then adjourned—not without strong language and sharp protests on the part of some of the members.

There is importance enough in the events which led to this convention, and in the action which it has taken, to justify a few words of comment.

At the time Mr. Moran assumed the Presidency of the Erie Railroad Company that corporation was at daggers drawn with its immediate rival, the New York Central. Competition was carried to such a point that the great question for each Company was—not which could make the most, but—which could so financier as to best endure the losses which their mutual rivalry rendered inevitable. In this contest the Erie was overmatched. It had little money, and, comparatively with the Central, little credit. It had no way traffic. It had an enormous debt, and a small stock. The Central had large cash means, growing out of a way traffic which could not be taken from it; a small debt, and much stock; a credit standing second only to the State itself; and numbers of wealthy friends along the line of road. Under these circumstances, Mr. Moran proposed, and the Central Directors agreed to, a compromise.

It was broken within a few days by the Central. On complaint by Mr. Moran, a new bargain was made, which was likewise broken by the Central directly afterward. Then followed fresh complaints by the Erie, fresh bargains, and fresh breaches of faith by the Central. At last, after nine compromises had been made, and nine times the Central had broken faith, the Erie Directors refused to entertain any new project of adjustment, and commenced hostilities by reducing the fare below the paying point.

The Central replied to this attack by calling the convention at Buffalo. The Erie contents itself with notifying the convention that it can no more interfere with the Erie Railroad than with the State politics of South Carolina. The Erie will manage its own affairs as it deems fit.

Thus stands the fight at present. It may be viewed from several points of view. Stockholders will come to one conclusion; the public, as travelers, will have their opinion; and the public, as a party interested in the development of the country by means of railroads, will have theirs. With the stockholders' view of the case we have nothing to do. They are a private body; they have the power of administering their property as they think fit; and it is no more the business of a public journal to interfere to protect them against what may seem to be suicidal policy on the part of their delegated officers, than it would be to warn Mr. Smith or Jones against the habits of his book-keeper.

That the public, as travelers and the owners of merchandise traveling by railway, are benefited by cheap rates of fare and freight is obvious. It is not necessary to use argument to prove that the country at large is a direct gainer by the cheapening of any so universal commodity as freight and travel. If Mr. Cunard and his associates were to carry passengers to Europe for ten dollars a head, it would undoubtedly be a public gain, however it might operate on the carriers. Just so the war of the Erie and Central, which enables us to go to Buffalo for five dollars instead of nine, and to send freight at an equally reduced rate, promotes travel, cheapens produce at the sea-board and merchandise in the interior, and is therefore, for the time being, an undoubted benefit.

The question assumes a different aspect when it is viewed from the general stand-point of national progress as aided by railways. That our 25,000 miles of railroad have been, under Divine Providence, the direct cause of most of the advancement which the United States have made in the last six or eight years, must be apparent to all. Commerce, industry, and civilization have been the first commodities that have traveled over the rail to the wilds of the West; they have taken no other conveyance. States which have railways in abundance are rich, populous, prosperous, and enlightened. States which have few railways are poor, thinly peopled, laggard, and unimproving. The rule is invariable. By the light of this principle, then, let us see what effect the pending cut-throat contest will have on this great agent of progress—the railroad.

According to the published official statement of the Erie Railroad, it was losing before it reduced the fares over a million a year. At the reduced rate of fare, the loss will of course be greater. At the present time the Company trembles on the verge of bankruptcy. The Central is not in so desperate a condition. It has never missed its dividends; though somehow it has more than once come into the market for a loan at the time it was going to pay a dividend. Now, any mercantile man can tell what must be the result of a policy pursued by these two roads, which tends to reduce, very seriously, the receipts of both. Such a policy, in the case of the Erie, must, in the course of time, lead to absolute bankruptcy. There must come a day when it will be impossible to provide the interest for the bond coupons, and the mortgage creditors will sell out the road. Nor can this day be far distant, if the road is losing, as the directors say, a million a year. It is possible that the Central may withstand the shock better; but even it must feel very seriously a loss of revenue.

What would be the consequence of the cessation of dividends on the Central and the bankruptcy of the Erie? Simply this; that no more railroads would be built for ten years to come. People would very naturally argue that, if railroads could not support themselves in the great and populous State of New York, they could much less do so in the thinly peopled States of the West and South; and no prudent man would invest his money in them.

This, then, is the practical view of the present railroad war. If it continues, people may travel cheaply for a time; but no more new land will be opened to commerce and industry. If it be brought to a close, the evil day—when railroad enterprise will be quenched—may be postponed for some time to come.

THE LOUNGER.

SECOND AND LAST.

[The Lounger yields again this week to the arguments and letter of his correspondent. It is so pleasant to have another do your work for you, especially in these torrid days!]

Cincinnati, *June*, 1858.

My dear Lounger,—Think what I have done since I wrote you last, and in a heat such as I have never before experienced. It is a melancholy truth that there is no season for travel. The summer is too hot, and the winter is too cold; there is no spring, and the autumn is red and yellow with decay; so that the mind insensibly falls into sadness, which is not the traveler's proper mood.

The day after I wrote you from the Clifton House, at Niagara, I took the cars of the Great Western Railway, and rattled across the edge of Canada to Detroit. The day was beautiful, but very warm, and the dust was dreadful. Canada, seen in that little part and in that rapid way, has a lonely aspect, relieved by occasional noble groves and uplands rolling away. But beyond Hamilton it becomes a dead level, and is, in fact, a wet prairie as you approach the shore of Lake St. Clair. The Great Western road has the broad gauge rail, and is finely built; but I found the railroad dinner to be the same in Canada that it is every where else. A swarm of filthy, grimy people pour into a room, pell-mell, and choke and guzzle for five minutes over muddy coffee, greasy beef-steaks, and lead pies; then stream back into the car, and rattle on. And the worst of it is, that if you unhappily fall hungry you have no other resource. If you can't possibly eat grease, dirt, and lumps of sweetened dough, you may starve for your squeamishness as much as you please. I recommend to every traveler a few pounds of crackers or hard biscuit, some dates, and a flask of what he prefers, in his traveling-bag. He can then dine at his leisure, and decently.

It was hot in little Detroit with the broad streets. Those streets, of an admirable metropolitan width, seem secretly to anticipate a great city; as if little Detroit sang to itself for comfort, as it keeps its outpost guard upon the lakes, "I bide my time; I was nothing forty-six years ago, when poor old General Hull surrendered me. Look at me now! —especially look at my Central Michigan Dépôt—and say if I am not a promising little Detroit?" There is an air of reality and sincerity in this town which is unusual and agreeable in Western cities. I went to the Biddle House, which used to be the best. But our hotels never last more than three years. The moment I entered I knew it was not the best, or else there was no best in Detroit. It had the undeniable second-hand air—an indescribable slackness and shabbiness—and I learned too late that the Russell House is now the true place, and one of the best any where to be found.

A man traveling rapidly in the summer heat and dust is nervously sensible of discomforts. A good English inn, at which you alight after a day's hard travel, and where, in quiet, a clean maid brings you a clean chop upon a clean table-cloth, and where you presently retire to a clean bed, is even more delightful than the gorgeous American palace in which, by every train and steamer, fifty of our cherished fellow-citizens arrive, and wipe their free-and-enlightened boots upon satin damask sofas, and consult the condition of their independent teeth in huge mirrors framed in gilded elephantiasis. It was always the sneer of the European gentleman that dirt and democracy were inseparable. It ought to be the duty of the American gentleman to show that they are not so.

I can not say I helped the matter by going to Chicago. The Michigan Central road, like the Great Western, is a noble work. On both, I am glad to say, the rate of speed is less by a quarter than it was last year. But the latter is the more interesting route. Swamp and scrub-oak lands are the chief scenery of the Michigan Central, until, at Michigan city, you come suddenly out upon the very end of Lake Michigan—the shore tossed up into a few light yellow sand-hills, such as you may often see upon the desert. From this, striking away from the lake, and over much wet prairie, you come to Chicago; and, had you been with me, you would never have seen a more perfect summer night—the full moon hanging in a windless heaven over the misty silver-gray wilderness of calm water.

I had really forgotten the West—forgotten how the magic of progress is unchanged, and that last year is no rule for this. Consequently I went to the Tremont, where I found great courtesy and kindness; but there is the Richmond House, which is much nearer, and *therefore* undeniably much better. It is no matter, of course, whether strangers like Chicago or not, because the Chicagoers do. In fact, I do not remember ever to have heard one of them speak ill of their city—and why should they? Rents are, or have been, as high as in New York—a state of things which I was assured in Detroit is factitious and unhealthy. But I was assured the same thing about Chicago five years ago in St. Louis. So I must suppose it is true, for I am sure these Western brethren dwell together in amity.

Chicago is an astonishing illustration of the rapid growth of a town under every favoring circumstance. It is the great commercial centre of the Northwest. It has, I believe, fifteen or twenty railroads diverging from it. It gathers the commerce of the lakes with one hand—of the Mississippi and the prairies with the other. Many men have realized great fortunes from skillful investments in Chicago real estate. It is thoroughly alive, active, and successful. It is a kind of proverb of commercial good luck, as old Athens was of art and education.

But for all that, I hope to be pardoned if I think I have seen pleasanter places. I do not particularly fancy a town improvised upon the meeting edges of a prairie of land and a prairie of water, with wooden houses, and wooden sidewalks, and wooden pavements; crammed and crowded with a bustling throng of eager people, every one trying to get the better of his neighbor. Chicago is a great wooden and brick shop. Its whole interest is traffic. Its great problem is how to get twenty per cent. for your money. Its heroes are men who make fortunes most rapidly, and they are as generous and lavish as they are opulent. Their hearts are as large as their pockets. Certainly meanness is not a vice of Chicago. Why, at this very moment, they are lifting up the town bodily, six or seven feet, so as to make some kind of drainage possible. You go down steps from the streets to the front doors of the houses. Even the Tremont House is to be raised.

But we do not live by dividends only. If the final end of man, or even his chief enjoyment, were the getting twenty per cent., Chicago would be a kind of Paradise—to those who got it. But a great city is not a stock-exchange, nor a shop; and although many a man in Chicago would freely grant it, he would also undoubtedly insist that money was the means by which cities became great. But even if, indirectly, this were so, how could the young citizen of Chicago ever learn, while he staid at home, that money is not an end but a means? And if he could not, what influence is to make the impromptu city any thing but a mart, a fair, and an exchange?

Through the wooden streets and the dismal outer part of the town I was driven the next morning to an open place on which stood the cars of the Alton and St. Louis Railroad. In a neighboring shanty tickets were sold, and at nine o'clock we rolled out upon the prairie, following a canal. The rate of our speed was harmonious with the boundless reaches of spacious and splendid prairie. All day long we raced among them with the rejoicing exultation of wild horses. The airy, luxuriant perspectives gathered themselves at intervals into richly-tufted uplands, with foliage rounded and massive, and benignantly sweeping the ground with the tender grace of the most consummate park cultivation, then unrolled and expanded themselves to the remotest horizon, the eye gliding after, entirely satisfied and delighted. In the foreground tangled masses of blue and yellow flowers, and acres of profusely blossoming prairie roses, fringed the statelier and more marshaled wheat, that took the wind in long yellow yielding waves, apparently laving the celestial shores with gold. The day was very hot, but the wind blew sweet and fresh as if from over a sea, and still we shrieked with wild delight, and still ran forward over the prairie.

The prairies are the great justification of the modern English style of landscape gardening, as contrasted with the old French and artificial schools. They give it the authority and example of Nature. All the crudity of Western civilization is instantly lost in their calm elegance; and no lawn of the richest duke in the most Arcadian county of England could ever hope to rival the thoughtful variety and care of many parts of this untouched landscape. Indeed as we darted on, confined to the car, the whole scene glimmered like a series of lovely pictures on the June air—the garden abodes and sweet summer pavilions of a superior race, secluded since the creation behind the rough climate and stern forests of the shore, and now withdrawn with mystic dignity, while we, little invading manikins, shrieked and rattled through their august domains.

The sun shone unclouded, except by the tufted, fleecy vapors that always decorate the June sky, and as he sank the moon rose over the prairies as tranquil as they. Suddenly we stopped. It was half past ten, and we should have reached Alton in less than an hour. A fellow-passenger, with a benign face, who had been sitting all day with his collar turned down and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, as if this day were a little too much for Job, and he was now quite willing to fight it out, stepped from the car, and presently re-entered with an air of profound but forced resignation. His neighbor, a young mother with a young baby, inquired what was the occasion of the delay.

"Oh! nothing at all, mum! only we shall stay here till morning, mum," replied Job; and then, after an interval of inward agony, as if conscious he had not answered the young woman's question, he said, more tenderly, "We have jest busted a floo, mum!"

Then we sat as passengers under such circumstances always do sit—in a kind of imbecile indifference. A few turned over to sleep. Some put up their windows. Some put them down. Some stepped out of the car. The children, awakened by the silence, began to cry. At length a very tall young man, who had not moved during the journey, rose and went out, slamming the door. In a few minutes he returned, banging the door again; and as he seated himself, as if for a century, he said in a loud voice, but to nobody in particular, "Stuck!"

A red lantern was put in the rear of the train to protect us from collision, and the passengers who were not sleepy walked about in the pleasant air. At the station there was a telegraph office, but the operator could not be found. When he was found he could not find the operator in Alton. So the conductor sent some men to walk four miles to a hand-car, and then run themselves down to Alton and send up a locomotive. After lying for four hours we were taken by the fresh engine and brought to that dreary little Illinois town, Alton, which has but one fact in its history—the martyrdom of Lovejoy.

Bright lay the moonlight upon the broad Mississippi, and a weary company stepped upon the steamer, which immediately took the stream with those mysterious subterranean puffs of the high-pressure Western boats.

Three miles below Alton the Missouri joins the Mississippi. My imagination sailed up the dim, broad stream, issuing out of night, to classic Kansas; but before it arrived there I fell asleep, with my head upon a table; nor did I awake until, in the early gray of dawn, we were near St. Louis.

The water was high upon the levee, and many of the stores must have suffered. But the river was already rapidly falling, leaving the mud behind, which is less agreeable to the nostrils in its pure state upon the levee than it is to the palate as a constituent part of the drinking water. That water is a very pleasant, but not very sightly beverage. It is sweet and smooth—too smooth, perhaps—being, like General Foley's letter, dreadfully "mucillated."

It was sunrise by the time we reached the Planters' Hotel, and we had time only to bathe, shave, shirt, shampoo, and breakfast, before we were off again for Cincinnati. It was still fearfully warm—the thermometer already at 90° by eight o'clock in the morning. We crossed the river in a ferry-boat, and then walked through the remains of Illinois Town, mostly submerged in the flood; and stepping into yawls, we were rowed among the ruins of the western terminus of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. Broken cars and trucks and wheels were all about us, half covered by the water; the embankment of the railroad being indicated by stakes. We reached the train standing upon the end of the track that had not been swept away, and in a few moments we dashed, whistling and roaring, across Southern Illinois.

Here we came again upon the lawny, park-like prairies. They seemed even lovelier and more elegant than in the northern part of the State. But still, as we rang and flashed along, I wondered where the inhabitants were, and the boundless, beautiful solitudes suggested more than ever the race withdrawn. At intervals of about ten miles we stopped at little clusters of eight or ten houses of the poorest kind, which had names in the guide-book, and which seemed to have been badly put up in a hurry against the arrival of the train. At one of these shanties there was something called dinner, which we happily left behind at a furious speed, and tore on to other shanties and another something called tea. The wheat was finer here than I had seen it any where since leaving New York, and there was even some promising-looking corn. The soft surface of the tender grain stole away, unfenced, over myriad acres, sinking, with delicate lights and shadows, into the obscurity of distance. It seemed the granary of the world before us, and with one sweep of the eye over this opulent land, Sicily and the Campagna were outmeasured.

This part of the Ohio and Mississippi road is the worst railroad I remember ever to have traveled in any country. We jerked and bounced along at an appalling speed. Every man held to his seat; and when the locomotive whistled to "break up," and we paused for a moment at some houses, by a curious infelicity called "town," all the passengers looked at each other relieved. Another moment and all were braced up again. Sudden, sharp cries from the engine, warning off cattle from the track, were heard amidst the deafening clatter of the train. The connecting bolts of the cars creaked and jarred; and in the midst of one of the most ungovernable spasms of speed, a dull clink and snap apprised us that something had happened. Every man was up in a moment; and, looking behind, we saw that the rear car had broken away by the parting of the iron bolt between us, and was coming on behind, alone, and with only the control of the brakeman. We pulled at the bell-cord, and the locomotive stopped. The car came on and was caught to the rest of the train, and with a wild whoop we rushed along at a madder speed than before.

At length we reached the Wabash bottom, of whose overflow you had a picture in the *Weekly* of a fortnight since. The water had subsided a little, and we moved on more carefully over *impromptu* tressel-work among the ruins of fences, twisted rails, trunks of trees, and the sandy wash smeared over the grass. Not far from the Wabash itself the whole track was gone, and we left the cars and took to boats again; and so across the drowned prairie until, on the edge of a woodland, a fresh train awaited us. Then away once more, and, crossing the Wabash by a fine bridge, we stopped, at sunset, in Indiana, at the little quaint old town of Vincennes, which invited us, by one fat meeting-house with a pudgy steeple, to pause and pass the Sunday. How often, as a school-boy, I had read of the French settlement here in 1725! And as I looked at it now with more interest and curiosity than upon any Western town, I wondered if those old Frenchmen sprung, haply, of courtly ancestors, and, bringing educated Europe into the wild woods, had not maintained relations with that lofty and unknown society of the prairies. We did not stay; but, unlike many a fairer place of fame, which to see is to lose forever, Vincennes, although my eyes have seen it, still stands unimpaired in my imagination, and will forever stand, lovely in the June twilight, upon the Wabash, with its one pudgy spire nestling friendly among its modest roofs.

All night we rode on through the black, primeval woods of Southern Indiana.

"Lagum beer!" cried a voice at midnight, as we stopped.

"What *is* Lagum beer?" shouted a dozen laughing voices, in reply.

But, undaunted, the boy, with a ragged shirt and one suspender, quite enough to sustain his dilapidated trowsers, passed out of a watering-pot into tin tumblers his Lagum beer, and we all donned that mysterious night-cap in the primeval woods of Indiana. He passed into the next car—we heard his rallying cry—but, simultaneously, the whistle, and could only shout, "Good-night, Lagum beer!" and departed into darkness.

The full moon watched us from behind the black trees, but could not light our way. Sometimes, in a little clearing upon a hill-side, I could see a log-cabin. Sometimes we thundered over a bridge, with a stream gleaming below. Toward morning we stopped at a junction; and the inevitable group of German emigrants, with boxes, small trunks, bundles, crying babies, and loud-talking, beer-and-stale-bread-and-tobacco-smelling men and women, whom you always encounter near Cincinnati, however you approach it, bustled in, and destroyed all the pleasing silence and comfort of the car. I intend no disrespect to my German fellow-citizens, whom I greatly esteem. I am recording a fact in the natural history of Western American travel, in remarking that the most unpleasant passenger, and one of the most frequently met, is the German or Norwegian emigrant, who seems to be a traveling epitome of the celebrated city of Cologne, with its thirty thousand different smells, each worse than the other.

Dawn brought us to the Ohio, sunrise to Cincinnati, and an omnibus to the Spencer House, which stands upon the levee, so that, as I write to you, my eyes wander over the fifty-two tops of the smoke-stacks of twenty-six packet-steamers lying side by side with their noses against the levee—steamers which resemble two-storied scows with an extreme ornamentation of scallop work about the eaves—to the homes and haunts of the hunters of Kentucky. The hills are beautiful all around the city, but the heat is fabulous. Not in Nubia nor Venice, in August, have I known such suffocating, sultry days. The city lies against the heights upon the northern shore of the river, and the sun glares at it with the insane fury of Torquemada gloating over a juicy infidel. A little of the juice of this infidel,—call it Catawba—still remains to console the wayfarer, while he gradually turns to coal.

I am going on to Zanesville and Wheeling, and so homeward by the Baltimore and Ohio road, over which the artists had recently so jovial a trip. I shall have had a most rapid, but altogether a most satisfactory journey. I shall have seen Niagara, the Mississippi, and the prairies in flower, and am quite ready for a breath of sea-air.

But—my poor Lounger—you must now do your own work. However, I suppose you have been hidden somewhere, near the sea, tranquilly idling away the delicious hours, so that you will be willing to change places. Do you know I rather suspect you of agreeing with Emerson that "Traveling is a fool's Paradise?" and I, for my part, willingly confess that I have observed wise men stay very much at home. But I have also noticed that those who have traveled most, stay at home with the best grace. A rolling stone may gather no moss, but a stationary one gets choked with it. Farewell—my Lounger.

Yours, dear Chang, ENG.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—How did you spend your Fourth of July? Were you patriotic, old fellow? Did you go into the celebration with your accustomed vim? Did you make a speech; and smoke plenty of cigars; and go into the Champagne (perhaps you prefer *lager*—you literary fellows have such horrid taste); and fire off crackers and rockets, flying Dutchmen, and other pyrotechnics?

"Perhaps you live in the country. Do you? If so, I pity you. A green fellow persuaded me last Fourth to go down into Jersey; to a 'quiet village,' you know, rural felicity, cool air, and all that. But, by George! when we got down there it was the most namby-pamby affair you ever saw. Just think of an old goose ringing the church-bell at half past four in the morning, waking a fellow up out of his sleep and spoiling his temper for the day. Then a few wretched fire-crackers popped off; and next the town was evacuated, the inhabitants thereof, baskets on their arms, going into the woods, where a young fellow read the Declaration of Independence (I believe from *Harper's Weekly*, which every body seemed to have), and a parcel of children sung songs; after which those horrid country fellows ate their bread and butter, and presently returned home. Of course I was tremendously bored. Every thing was so quiet—there wasn't actually a drink of brandy to be got on the ground, though I suspect some of the shrewd old codgers were duly armed and equipped with pocket-pistols. And as for a muss—any little excitement, you know, to make things lively—there was no chance. In fact, I was considerably set down by some old fogies for throwing half a paper of fire-crackers among a crowd of ladies and children; and some fellows actually swore they'd put me out if I attempted any noise. Of course I couldn't do any thing alone; but if I had had my gang to back me up, I'd have licked any one on the ground. You may bet on that, old fellow!

"What a jolly time I had this Fourth! You may believe I stuck to town! A parcel of us, all first-rate fellows, laid in a select assortment of pocket fire-works on the 2d, had a grand spree on Sunday night—at my place, you know, where I had a cat in a flour-barrel, all ready, and about twelve o'clock, when every body was asleep and puss was unsuspicious, we threw a lighted pack of best cannon-crackers into the barrel, slapped on the head, and awaited the turn of events. Didn't that old tom fly around the barrel, though?

"In the midst of the sport, who should open the door but my old woman! She began to whine about waking up the neighbors, and a sick lady over the way, and cruelty to dumb brutes, and that trash, you know; but I soon set her right on the goose, for what's the good of having Fourth of July, you know, if you're to do nothing for fear of disturbing sick folks or disfiguring a tom cat. Says I to her, 'They made such an everlasting clatter on the first Fourth, that Johnny Bull hasn't got well over it yet—and are we to sit down like milksops or country-jakes and say nothing? Nev—'

"Just here Tom Sacket let the cat out of the barrel, who flew at once at the nearest window, and the rest of my speech was lost in the sound of breaking glass.

"Well, on Monday we had the jolliest time you ever saw. To be sure the sick lady across the way sent over to ask if we would please not throw torpedoes out of my window against the side of her house (just over peoples' heads, you know, who were passing along, which frightened them confoundly), and so we had to stop that; for the sick lady's husband, who is in the country on business, is a mean man, whose head I'd like to punch, if he wasn't so confoundedly broad-shouldered. He was a farmer you know, and is really a disgusting brute, with no fun about him. In the afternoon, we made up for lost time by a jaunt down Broadway, scaring the ladies with torpedoes. And then in the evening we had a grand display of fire-works on our corner, and such a supper!—where wine, cigars, and singing did abound.

"Let me know what you think of our Fourth. It's a great institution, old fellow! and must be kept, you know. Just say a good word for us, when you have time; for some of our old fogy neighbors think us fellows a nuisance. Boys must be boys, you know; and if a man (or woman) can't make a little sacrifice on such occasions, they are not worthy of the liberty they enjoy. These are my sentiments; and I'm sure they will be yours, friend Lounger.

"Yours,

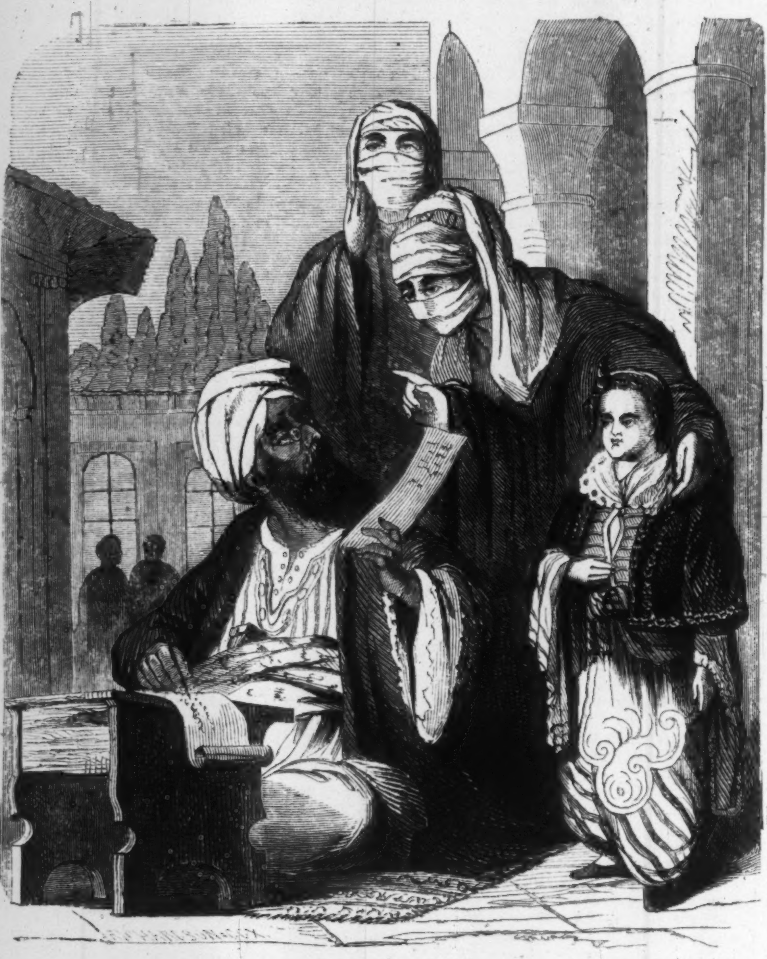
"A NEW YORK PATRIOT."

—Of course, "PATRIOT;" no doubt, old boy. What right, indeed, have women to be sick, or children to have illnesses, on the glorious Fourth? They ought to be ashamed of themselves, and you vindicate your patriotism characteristically by depriving them of rest and sleep as the penalty of their mean conduct. But take a hint, old fellow! beware of that tom-cat! Women and children are safe to bully; tom-cats have claws. *Verbum sap.*

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXIV.

Sardis to Smyrna.—Preparations to Start.—We reach Magnesia.—Thence to Thyatira.—Buckshcesh.—A Christian.—Wells at Thyatira.—Mohammed Bey again.—His House, his Dinner, and his Wine.—The Dancing Girls.



AN EASTERN LETTER-WRITER.

WE returned from Sardis to Smyrna. Here we rested again a fortnight at the hotel of the two Augustuses before spoken of. I would like well to sketch for you some of the Smyrniote people, but my brief space in these letters forbids the attempt. You have heard of the porters who carry such immense loads. It is not uncommon to meet a man carrying a bale of wool, or rags, or something of the kind, which fills the entire street from wall to wall. His head and shoulders are buried in the bundle, and you see his two feet moving under the mass as if the bale had its own legs, and guided its own course along the streets. It is a study in Smyrna to see the old Turkish scribes, or letter-writers, at their work. To watch their customers, who are chiefly ladies; to see the flashing eyes, the anxious expressions of their countenances as they intrust their secrets to the old fellow who, they know, will sell them the first moment he finds an opportunity. Still this is the way of the world here, and they confide in him as a business matter, only trusting he will never know who they are.

For you may well suppose it would be difficult to recognize an Eastern lady again after once meeting her, since they only show their eyes, and all their eyes are alike deep and splendidly beautiful.

It was with great hesitation that I consented to the route our friends now proposed to take. We had not yet visited Pergamos and Thyatira. They were both on the route, or on one route, to Constantinople, and if we would abandon the sea-voyage thither and make the journey by land we would reach the Dardanelles in ten or twelve days, visiting the Troad on the way. The temptation was great, but since the war the country has been overrun with lawless vagabonds.

But Miss Grandison's courage and pertinacity prevailed, and I yielded. We replaced the tent we lost at Laodicea. By-the-way, we heard from Laodicea that the Aga was in a fury at our departure, and it was supposed he would slaughter the unlucky dog whom we left bound and gagged. He believed him an accessory to our flight.

Our equipage being made all right, we hired an extra guard of five men, so that we were nineteen in all, and thus attended we left Smyrna, as is customary, in the afternoon, and camped for the night outside the city.

We were two days from this camp to Akhissar, as it is now called, or Thyatira, as it once was.

Our camping-place for the first night was at Magnesia, a city of whose celebrity I shall not pause to remind you. I can not but regret (though, perhaps, you may not join me in it) that the space to which I have limited myself in these letters forbids that I should do more than sketch the merest outline of our route through Asia Minor. Were your space sufficient, I might say ten times as much as I do, nor exhaust the novelties which I meet with. For it is very remarkable that Asia Minor is a country so little known to the Western world. I find no guide-books that are of any value. Murray's red book is worse than useless, since it misleads at every turn of the route, and lays down cities whole days out of their places. I say *whole days*, because they measure distances here altogether by time, and you may imagine the comfort of laying out a day's ride in a wild country, through inhospitable regions, and at evening finding yourselves in a mountain pass or on a bleak plain, unprotected and uncovered.

The scenery through which we have been for four weeks traveling is wild, and grand, and very beautiful. Grandeur and beauty mingled as I have heretofore seen in the Lebanon country. Switzerland contains no such views as I have found in the East, and when it shall be at length brought under the influence of civilization, I am satisfied that the world will make Asia Minor its grand resort for scenery, to say nothing of its old associations.

We approached Thyatira (Akhissar) at sunset. Our tents were waiting for us outside the town, for we had loitered on the way. Before the door of my tent stood Selim, with a face of decidedly unpropitious aspect.

"What is the matter, Selim?"

"I am afraid you can not stay here, oh Howajji! The people are too rough, and they demand bucksheesh for the land where the tents are standing."

"Who demands it? Bring them here."

Selim went, and returned in a few minutes with a tall, bony-looking native, who, in the presence of strangers, seemed very different from the person Selim had described him. He was, in fact, very humble and polite, and asked for his buckshcesh as a matter of rent, and I paid it without hesitation. Then I chatted a little with him, and to my surprise found him a very respectable Christian; the first Oriental I have met among these ruins of the Churches of Asia who named the name of Christ with any other feelings than those of contempt, except in Philadelphia.

It was something, however, to find even one. And for the sake of it I talked with him, Demetri being interpreter, and, let me tell you, one of the pleasantest hours of my Eastern travel was that evening talking with a solitary representative of the Church at Thyatira.

We preferred our tents to the accommodations within the town. There is a consular agent here of several of the Western powers, but consuls' houses are not tempting places to a traveler who has had much experience in the East.

The city resembles Philadelphia more than any of the other churches. It is inhabited, which is more than can be said of Ephesus, or Laodicea, or Sardis. There is, too, a fine church—of modern times—here, and there are priests and bishops and Christian worshipers. Ruins there are around the city, but none which can be identified as ancient, and for the rest Akhissar is like all the other Turkish towns in this part of the world.

The surrounding country is richer and more luxuriant, the air is fresher and more perfumed with the fragrance of cultivated fields. Every thing is more brilliant and more beautiful outside the inhabited town. The pavements of the streets have been gorgeous columns and capitals and architraves; close to our tents was a well, the curb of which was once the capital of a Corinthian column, and I could see half a dozen within a hundred rods all having similar mouths.

Early in the morning we rode into the city. You will smile at my next sentence, if you remember my former letters. As we were quietly riding through the streets of the city, talking in the most jovial manner, a cheerful "Good-morning!" greeted us, and looking up we were astonished and delighted to see my friend Mohammed Bey, whom you will recollect in Jerusalem, and again in Antioch.

The good-souled fellow was in grand spirits at meeting us. He had heard of the arrival of four strangers, and by intuition knew that we were come, and he had set out to find us.

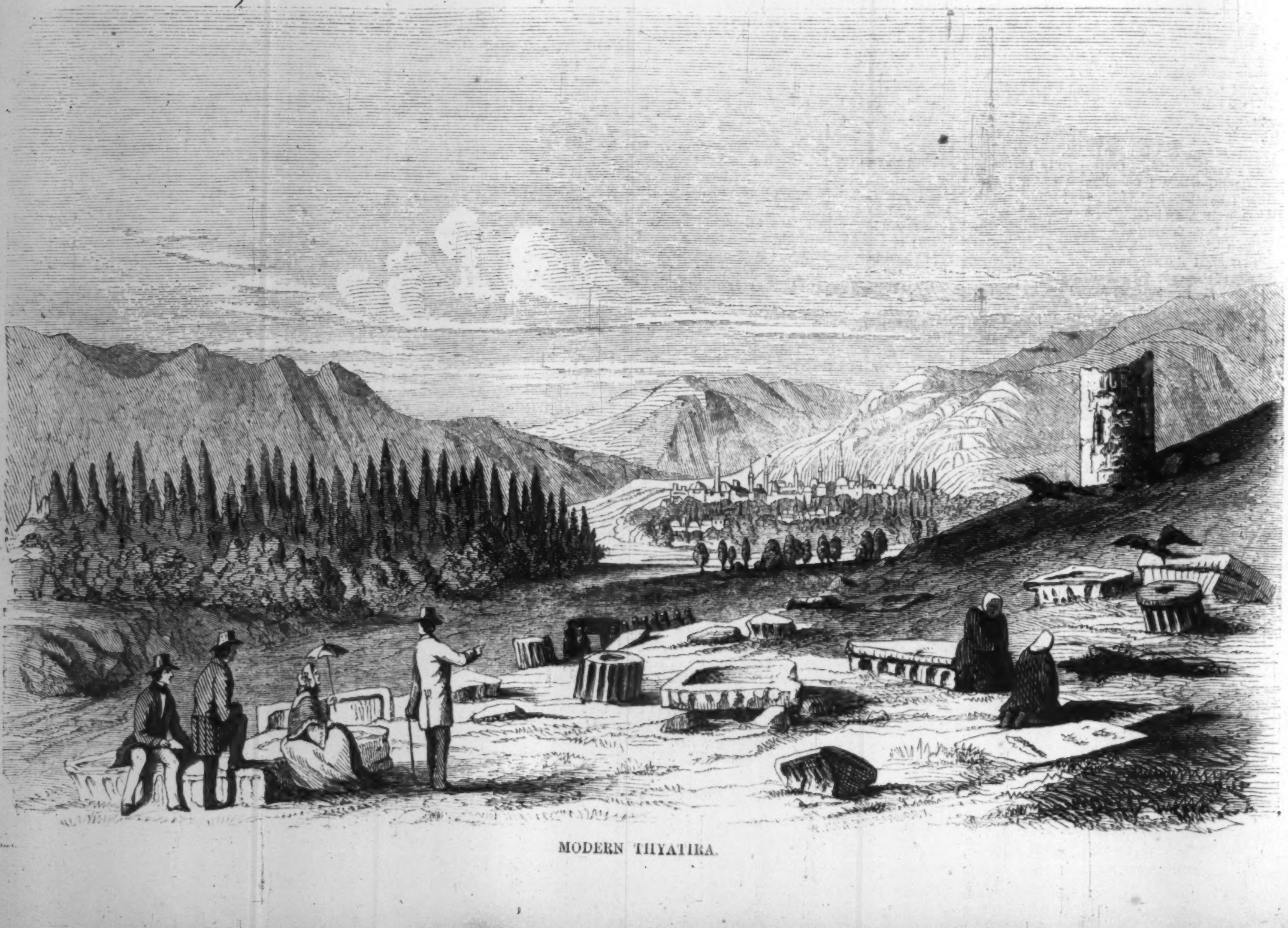
He had found at the tents no one but the boy he gave to Miss Grandison, and whom she has kept constantly with her in all her wanderings; and now, on his overtaking us, Mister Johnson (for such was the name John Steenburger had given him, and to which he answered) was close in his rear, grinning with all his teeth, and overflowing with delight at meeting his old master.

Mohammed was for once at home. It seems he has possessions in Akhissar, and comes here once a year to take care of them. So he invited us forthwith to his house, and to his house we went, and found there already our servants and baggage. *In* point of fact the magnificent Turk placed every thing he had at our disposal, and I knew him well enough to know that nothing would please him so well as to have us accept all that he could do for us.

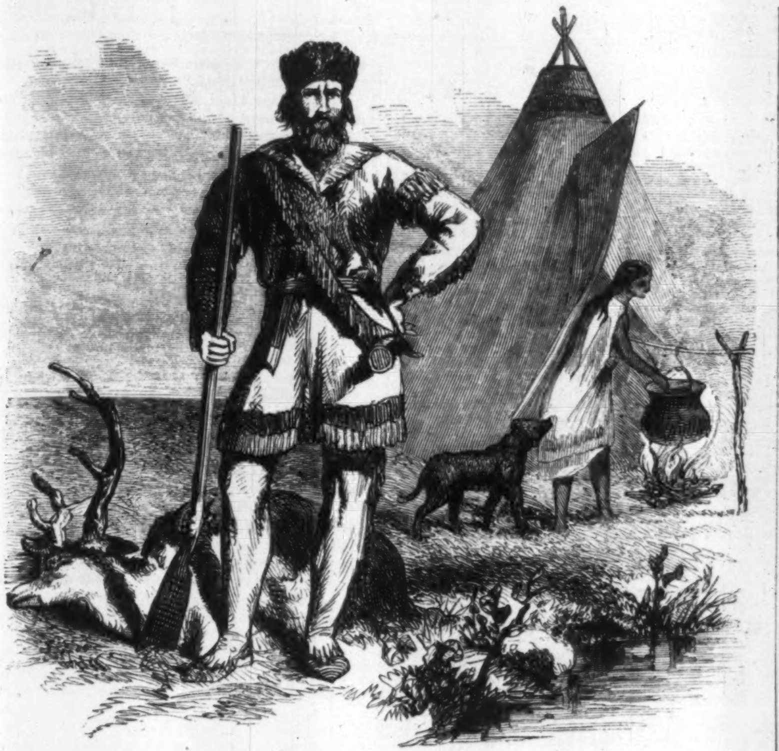
We dined with him. Miss Grandison was taken charge of by the ladies, and disappeared in their apartments; while the servants brought into the room where we sat a dinner that would have satisfied the palate of a Parisian.

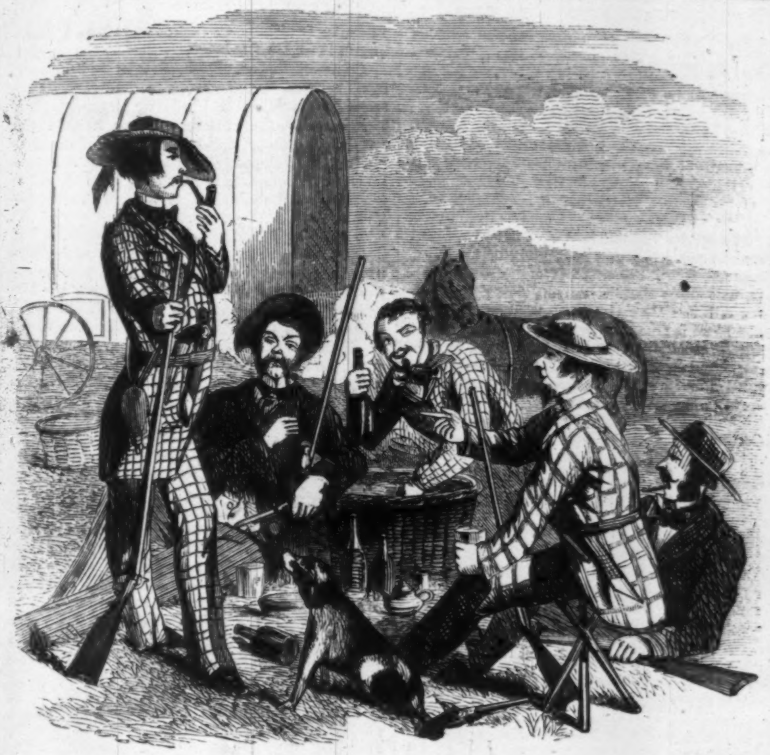
I don't know what particular motion of my eye it was that suddenly attracted the attention of Mohammed.

"Allah Kerim!" he exclaimed; "God is merciful—I had forgotten the drink!" and he clapped



MODERN THYATIRA.


A PRAIRIE HUNTER OF THE OLDEN TIME.


PRAIRIE HUNTER OF THE PRESENT TIME.

his hands thrice, to signify that he wanted his chief butler. The fat fellow made his appearance, and an order was given him in a low tone, which resulted shortly in the arrival of a novel exhibition for the house of a Turk. Nine bottles of wine—three of unmistakable Yquem, three of cabinet Champagne, and three of a wine that I would pause to eulogize were it of any use to do so. It was Turkish wine grown at Brousa, under the shadow of Mount Olympus. It was a hock, and no such wine grows on the Rhine banks, nor over the vaults at Johannisberg. You may think me extravagant in this expression; but I assure you as a fact, that there is made at Brousa wine which is worth its weight in silver.

The appearance of this array was certainly startling.

"But, Effendi!" I exclaimed, on seeing it.

"Be silent and grateful, oh traveler!" said our host. "My house at Akhissar has many treasures like this. I never taste it myself—except only the Champagne—but it is yours—all yours."

So passed the afternoon, and—shall I confess it?—I never thought of the fact that I was in Thyatira till the moonlight stole in on us, and then Mohammed drove it away again by sending for the dancing girls; and the ladies came in, wrapped in long vails, and sat in a remote corner, and the graceful Circassian children danced to wild, sweet airs, which they themselves played and sang.

PRAIRIE FANCIES.

"One doesn't find the Book of Nature spread out here before him with the attractions it had in years gone by," said our hunter-poet, as his eye traversed the wide expanse of prairie around him. "The romance of the prairies is gone! Your genuine hunters and trappers—that old aristocracy of the plains and mountains—are about all dead, or degraded to the rank of 'bull-driving' in the wagon trains. Even the wild Indians, who would once plunder your 'possible kit' and lift your hair handsomely, are degenerated by civilization and bad whisky into contemptible sneak-thieves, and streak it over the prairie, rigged out in white man's toggery. And as for Nature—where is it?

"It is true, one can stand here in this solitude, after the fashion of Campbell's 'last man,' and, gazing out into infinite space, where blue sky bounds the horizon, *feel* himself the atom that he is of this great universe. Here is the Temple of Immensity—a huge azure dome, resting on ethereal pillars, throughout whose boundless space Silence reigns supreme and by its overwhelming vastness compels solemnity and reflection. To him whose eye has never before rested upon this interminable waste, what an infinite conception it is! Distance becomes inappreciable when, peering through the lilac atmosphere to the utmost limit of sight, we know that from that remotest spot the eye may start afresh and continue its searchings with yet no more palpable results.

"But what does all this amount to, after all? To the practical mind, simply how long it will take civilization, at its present rate of progress, to overrun this vast area and convert it into pastures and corn-fields. Look at that wagon-rut now. There's *one* blot on Nature's page. Now mark that old Conestoga lumbering along. No poetry about *that*. I tell you, boy, the classic days of the old field are gone!"

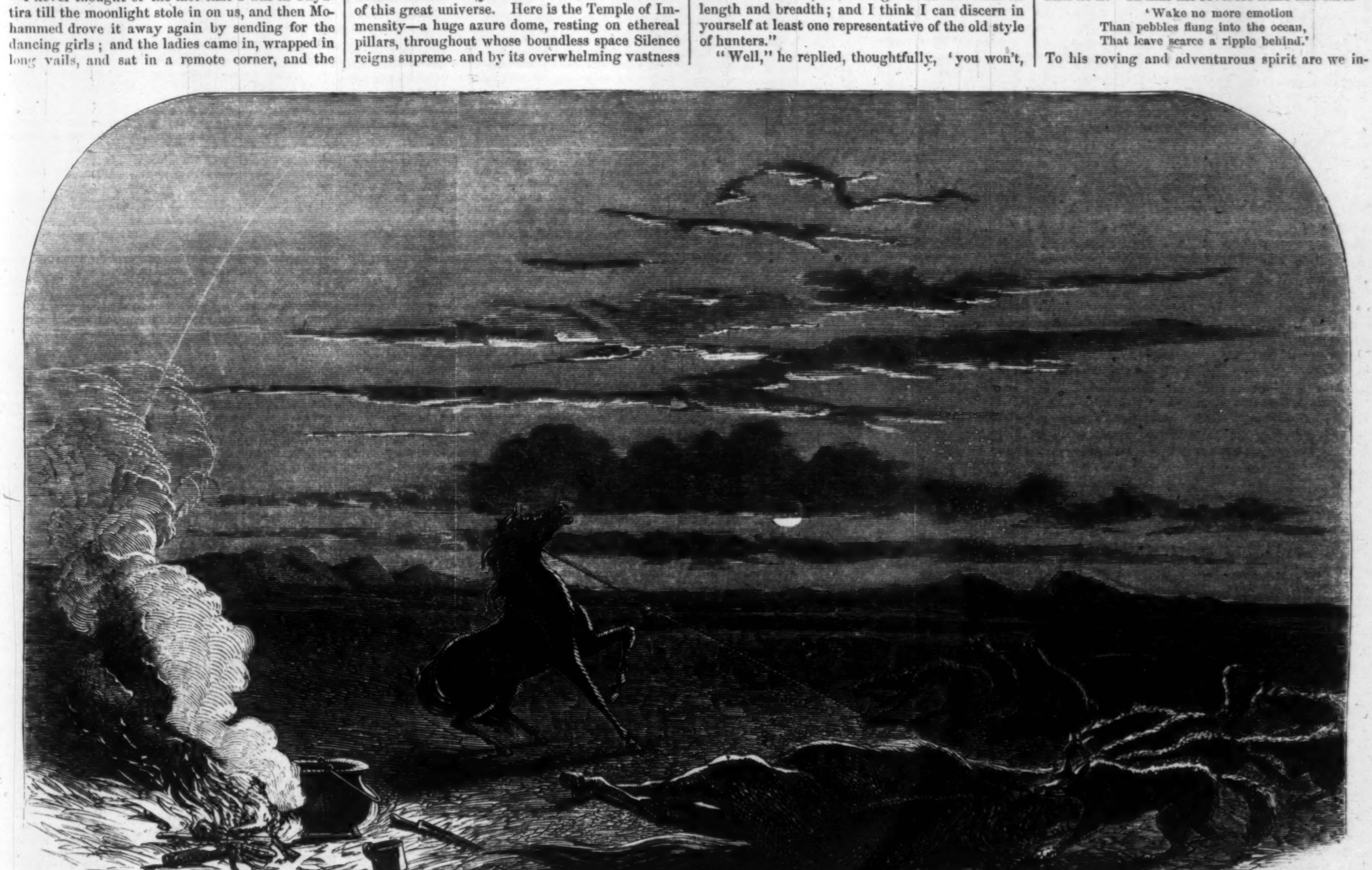
The speaker paused abruptly, and rounded off his period by pounding the ground severely with the breech of his rifle.

"I think I appreciate your feelings," I said. "But then," I suggested, "the general features of the prairie remain as ever. The same game roams the sward; the roving Indian traverses its length and breadth; and I think I can discern in yourself at least one representative of the old style of hunters."

"Well," he replied, thoughtfully, 'you won't, perhaps, find a better-preserved specimen of that class, though I did not commence *my* study of prairie metaphysics until I had completed a college education. But as to the real, old, cast-iron-and-gutta-percha fraternity, such as were bred in the forest, with a 'Green-River blade' and rifle for playthings, the day is not far distant when they will be known only in history, and the page that records their adventures will be read by future generations, vested with all the wildness and apparent improbabilities of an Arabian tale. Strangely heroic annals are theirs; many their hair-breadth escapes, their rencontres with wild beasts, and hand-to-hand conflicts with blood-thirsty savages. Many are the *coups* each old trapper has counted; and the hair he has 'raised' would suffice to stock a Pozzoloni's toupee shop. Alternately feasting and starving, freezing in winter, parched with thirst, drenched with rain, running the gauntlet of a thousand dangers, he regards all these as the natural vicissitudes of his roving life, and takes the bitter with the sweet with calm indifference. Habit and a strange philosophy have made him the man he is. In him the severest trials and cares

'Wake no more emotion
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.'

To his roving and adventurous spirit are we in-


PRAIRIE WOLVES AT WORK.

debted for a knowledge of regions before untrodden and unexplored by any other civilized being. Penetrating the remotest wilderness, often alone, or accompanied only by his Indian wife, he lays himself down at night, with his feet to the camp-fire, and head pillowed on earth, and composes himself to sleep, while the winds whistle his lullaby, and no thought of danger disturbs his dreams. This is the life of your genuine hunter. Once embarked in his pursuit, it becomes a fascination from which he seldom escapes; and thus he lives on until at length he 'goes under,' worn out with hardships and privations and the burden of years, or, perchance, is 'rubbed out' by some skulking Redskin, who raises his hair while he sleeps.

"I tell you *there* is concentrated romance for you. There is true, practical manhood, which one can not but admire. But your toast-fed, hearth-rug sportsman, with his fanciful outfit and new-fangled flummery, can't appreciate all this. To him such experiences would be but

'As base delights compared with better things.'

It requires a pioneer of mind as well as of the forest to understand the beauties of this mode of life. Your modern Nimrod would excite the supreme contempt of the genuine 'mountain-man.' He don't deem his outfit complete unless he carries with him all the luxuries of the parlor. Here, since the recent exodus to Mormondom has attracted the attention of adventurers toward these parts, we find them coming out in swarms, with their tents and traveling-carriages, fancy shooting jackets and India rubber blankets, armed to the teeth with rifles, six-shooters, and bowie-knives, with larders well stored with wines, preserved meats, and such like, and knapsacks loaded with such notions as the trapper would scorn to use! And—would you believe it?—I actually saw, not long ago, a fellow with gloves and linen shirt collar hunting buffalo with a pointer dog! There was a good sprinkling of the animals running at that time, and the chap got pretty well mixed up with the herd; but the last I saw of him, he was streaking it over the prairie with a big bull at his heels, and his horse scampering off in the direction of sundown! Such hunters should be content with small game, such as you find in the woods of Connecticut. Oh, shades of Aubrey, Williams, and Choteau defend us!"

Such is a sketch of prairie life as it was, and as it is now. To compose one's self comfortably to rest on a mattress laid on the bottom of a wagon is quite a different thing from camping out alone in the stillness of the night, with no companions but the prairie wolves and your horse munching grass at your side. Your modern hunter would hardly be satisfied to lie rolled in his blanket on bare ground, with coyotes nosing about his pillow, to say nothing of sand rattlesnakes for bedfellows, and mosquitoes for ministering angels. I don't mean to be personal; but when I recall old reminiscences, and read the brief cenotaphs of those whose history lies buried with them, and know that the golden age of prairie romance has well-nigh passed away, I can not but grieve at the ruthlessness of Time's mutations. I see it all in the rut-worn sod; in the close-cropped grass where the teamsters' horses have fed; in the steady advance of the Western frontier; in the march of emigration; in the taming of the wild savage, and in the annihilation of the hardy race of trappers and mountain-men.

When the screech of the locomotive shall echo among the Rocky Mountains the era will have ended, and the charm of the wilderness have vanished.

LITERARY.

One of the very pleasant inventions of the day for the amusement of children, and grown people as well, is taught in Leaf and Flower Pictures, published by Randolph. The gathering of green, red, and yellow leaves, and the infinite variety of flower petals, and arranging them in wreaths, bouquets, and other forms, for varnishing and preservation, will be a capital variation to the ordinary summer employments of those who are so fortunate as to be "in the country." The book teaches how to do all this, and illustrates the result in fine colored plates.

In the occasional runs that we have taken out of town, we have been somewhat interested in observing the steamboat and railroad reading of travelers. No season, for many years, has furnished so few books of the lighter class. Novels there are almost none. Many travelers carry volumes of Ticknor & Fields's elegant Household Waverley, which, for convenient size, clear and beautiful type, and legibility, are admirable railway companions. The edition has reached "St. Ronan's Well," and continues in the same excellent taste and perfect workmanship, which make it, in our view, the most desirable edition extant.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish a new novel, under the title, A Poor Fellow, the object of which is to teach, in general, that we are all poor fellows, and need help from some stronger source than human nature. The scene of the story is in New York City, the characters are New York merchants and their families, some fast young men, and some excellent and charitable old gentlemen; the hero being a millionaire, who finds out at the end that he, too, is a poor fellow.

The design of the book is good; some scenes in it are admirably sketched; but there is a little too much of it. The author's appreciation of the life of a literary man in New York is one of the most noteworthy characteristics of the volume. If the book reach a second edition, we suggest to the author that Peekskill is not opposite to Newburgh, and Fishkill is—an error easily rectified.

Every family should possess a good Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, especially on the New Testament. Next to the Bible, such a work should have a place in every library and every house. Sheldon & Blakeman have now completed their issue of The Commentaries on the New Testament, by Dr. Hermann Olshausen, whose name is known in all the Churches.

This work is one of the greatest additions of modern times to our American literature. Professor Kendrick, of the Rochester University, has superintended the edition, revising it from the fourth in Germany, and adding notes of discriminating and valuable character; so that it is presented as a complete and finished work, of which the clergy and clerical students know the reputation and the value, and which all readers of the Word of God should possess for constant reference.

Dr. Olshausen is an author of remarkable clearness and thoroughness combined. No passage escapes with but superficial notice. Every word is weighed, sounded, examined, and its relation to the other parts of the sentence discussed. The views of all classes of theologians are regarded with respect, and their opinions treated with kindness; while the author has no hesitation in acknowledging the power of their reasoning, and admitting, oftentimes, his obligation to those from whom he differs for material assistance.

We have read with especial interest portions of the Commentaries on the Gospels. The force of the learned author's views, the lucid arrangement of his ideas, the new order of events which he deduces from a careful comparison of the different evangelists, the power of his exceeding simplicity—all unite to absorb, interest, and finally to convince, even in spite of old and settled opinions. Truth possesses a new force and beauty. The sublime story of the life of God on earth has a new and overpowering significance. We read as if we now read for the first time very much of the history.

Our space forbids a general notice of the work, and these remarks must suffice to give our readers its prominent characteristics. We can not pass it, however, without noticing this very remarkable fact—that it is received with the highest praise by all denominations of Christians. The High Churchman regards the profound veneration of the author for the Holy Sacraments with great approbation; while the most liberal of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Wesleyan clergy find nothing, even in the views which suit the Churchman, to clash with or startle their own notions. Hence it may be emphatically styled an evangelical commentary. Those truths on which all Protestant Evangelical Christians agree are enough for the learned author to find in the Book on which he undertakes to comment. No fear of man forbids his discussion of mooted points. Rather, it is the fear of God which compels him to write with reverence and with charity—that brotherly love which would find the way to heaven, and jostle no one along it, though it be narrow.

We recommend the work heartily as probably the best extant commentary on the New Testament. It is published in six volumes, octavo, the last volume containing Weisinger's Exposition of the Second Epistle to Timothy and the Epistle to Philemon.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DEFEAT OF COLONEL STEPTOE'S COMMAND.

The disastrous news from the Pacific is confirmed by dispatches received at Washington. Governor M'Mullen says: "An express has arrived from the head-quarters of Colonel Steptoe, in the Simcoe Valley, with dispatches from Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, and letters to me, informing us of the defeat, on the 16th inst., at the First Crossing of Snake River, about thirty miles above its junction with the Columbia, of the command of Colonel Steptoe. The command consisted of five companies, or four hundred men. The Indians are reported as having been fifteen hundred strong, and composed of the Snake, Palouse, and other tribes.

"The action resulted in three officers and fifty men being killed. Two of the officers killed are Captain Wynders and Lieutenant Gasden. The Indians took two howitzers which belonged to the command, and all but sixty pack animals. In fact, so complete is said to have been the rout, that the officer in command was compelled to fall back with the utmost precipitation. The battle took place while the regulars were in the act of crossing the river."

Letters to Governor Stevens, also, say that Colonel Steptoe lost every thing but sixty mules.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN CONNECTICUT.

The New Haven *Journal* of the 1st instant says of the earthquake: "One of those events which happen only once in a century took the good people of this part of Connecticut by surprise on Tuesday night. According to the general opinion, we were favored with an earthquake. At about 10¼ o'clock P.M., a rumbling sound—similar to the passage of a carriage over a bridge, but more sonorous and more protracted in its movement—attracted the attention of many of our citizens. Some of them felt their houses jar, and glasses rattle, and by a sort of intuition became aware that the movement proceeded from a crepitation of the earth. The movement was distinctly perceived to be traveling from southwest to northeast, and continued for something more than a minute. Not the least damage was done to any thing in the city, nor, so far as we have been able to learn, in any portion of the State. The shock was felt in Bridgeport, Milford, Woodbridge, West Haven, East Haven, and North Haven—all towns which lie in a southwest or northeast line from New Haven, and this fact may assist in determining the course of the crepitation. At the time of the shock the sky was clear and the air was perfectly still; though in that respect it did not materially differ from its general condition in the centre of the city through the evening. In Derby the earthquake was felt perhaps more sensibly than here. The houses and even the large stone factories in Ansonia were shaken, and the watchmen alarmed by the movement of the earth."

THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

The dissension in this institution continues.

Mrs. Dudley having espoused the cause of Dr. Gould, and written a letter requesting the majority of the Trustees of the Observatory to resign, the Trustees reply, expressing their determination to adhere to their position, and declaring that in the honorable discharge of their duties under the charter, they must insist on the removal of Dr. Gould.

Meantime the Scientific Council have addressed letters to the Trustees, calling for the charges against Dr. Gould. To this the Trustees reply, refusing to recognize the right of the Council to usurp any such powers or authority.

A scientific council, consisting of Professors Henry, Bache, and Horace, held a session on 1st July, at which an address was adopted, proposing to the Trustees of the Observatory, first, to take unconditional and immediate charge and direction of the Observatory, subject only to the Board of Trustees, thus occupying themselves the place of Directors. If this be not agreed to, they then propose a committee of five citizens to settle the controversy with respect to Dr. Gould. The Trustees reject all propositions peremptorily, not recognizing any right on the part of the Council to interfere with the office of the Trustees, or in any way control their action. It seems probable that the whole Coast Survey will resign their place in the Council, as they can not substantiate any claim to interfere with the action of the Trustees, who derive their power from the act of incorporation.

THE BERLIN FREE-LOVERS.

The Detroit *Free Press* gives an account of a woman who was enticed into that moral pollution, the Berlin Free-Love Cure.

Some two weeks since, a married man, occupying a good position among the respectable and intelligent of Detroit, applied to a magistrate for assistance in finding his wife, a young and lovely woman, who had disappeared a day or two before. He soon learned that she was at the Berlin Free-Love Institution, in Erie County, and immediately left to rescue her, if possible. The *Press* says:

"He succeeded in finding her at the institution in question, and brought her home without any demur on her part; she stating, undoubtedly with truth, that she was disgusted with the scenes enacted in that abode of wickedness. Her tale, as it represents things there, is an extraordinary one. She says that she was induced to go there by a female relative, who is a believer in the doctrine, and who, after a long effort, succeeded in instilling into her mind the poison which proved her ruin. Together they absconded and went to Berlin Hill.

"When there, she found the marvelous 'love cure' but another name for all that is degrading and loathsome to a virtuous and high-minded woman. Low-bred familiarities with vulgar, fanatical men; companionship with women who deemed themselves elevated above humanity in becoming the victims of their own and their companions' lusts, and a close familiarity with a brutish, criminal enjoyment, which was the highest sphere aimed at in this delectable community—were what she was obliged to submit to. This was more than womanhood could endure, and in her secret trouble she applied to a relative, not daring to disclose her situation to her injured and much-loved husband. Through this relative the husband found her, and notwithstanding her moral and physical contamination, he took her again to his heart, a shame-stricken, but wiser, wife and mother."

A BOARDING-SCHOOL RUNAWAY.

The village of Carmel, Putnam County, New York, has been the scene of considerable excitement, on account of a clandestine marriage of an ex-teacher of the Raymond Institute with one of the young lady pupils of that Institution. A letter from the Principal tells the story:

"Barthold Myer, better known as 'Professor Myer,' but whose connection with the Raymond Institution was dissolved some three or four weeks since, found secret means of communicating, since his removal from the Institution, with a Miss Fannie Hewitt, a boarding pupil, and induced her to consent to marry him. Accordingly, late on Saturday night (19th), after the young ladies had all retired, and each was seen to be in her own bed, and the lights extinguished by the teacher, who passes around at ten o'clock at night for the purpose of inspecting the pupils' rooms, and after all were hushed in sleep, Miss Hewitt stole out of the Institution, and was married to Barthold Myer, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock at night, by Joseph Cole, Justice of the Peace, at the house of Albert Knapp, who, with his wife, were the only witnesses. Fannie appeared in her place on the next (Sabbath) morning, went to church with the other pupils, and repaired late on Sabbath night to the residence of Albert Knapp, where she and Myer were harbored till morning, when they took the stage for Croton Falls.

"Myer had remained in the neighborhood since his removal from the Institution, and had enjoyed no personal interview with Miss Hewitt, and no part of the affair was known, or even suspected by the Institution, until after the pair left this morning in the stage. It is now suspected that Myer communicated with Miss Hewitt by means of some day pupil."

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A BALLOON.

J. Stainer, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, proposes to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, 100 feet in diameter. He says in a letter to the *Telegraph:*

"I am satisfied in my own mind that with such an apparatus I could cross the Atlantic in seventy-five hours; and the whole cost would not be more than $20,000. The balloon, net-work, and valve would weigh about two thousand pounds, and the boat and rigging three tons and a half. This will leave about eight tons ascending power, for provisions, passengers, and ballast. It would require three good ocean navigators, and one astronomer, besides myself. I would suggest New York as the starting-point; and am certain I would strike within two hundred miles of any given distance in Europe. I would suggest May as the time for making the experiment, and would make the attempt in 1859 if I could get the Government or others to assist me."

WHAT CATTLE SUFFER ON RAILROADS.

The Rochester *American* says: "Much more than the usual amount of stock is passing eastward over the New York Central Railroad at present.

"All this makes lively business in that particular line, and few think of the amount of suffering which has to be endured by the poor brutes while on the route. Packed closely together, without a particle of extra room between them, they are obliged to ride the whole distance to their destination without once tasting food or water; and in this hot weather it can easily be imagined that the deprivation of the latter, under such circumstances, must drive the tortured animals to the very verge of madness. While the trains of stock which arrived here on Saturday from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo were being made up together for the route eastward, no less than four head of cattle were taken from the cars in a dying condition, and they expired shortly after being removed. Many others were nearly in the same condition; and there can be little doubt that of the cattle confined in the hundred and forty-nine cars, as many as twenty perished, or will perish, through the sufferings they endured in the transit to market. This is horrible to think of; and yet the same scenes are repeated day after day, and nobody seems to think of suggesting a remedy."

PRECIOUS MAIL-BAGS.

At Milford, Massachusetts, a boy at work in one of the shoe shops in that place, recently found in an old mail-bag which the proprietor of the shop had purchased to work into shoes, a letter which had been mailed at an office in Tennessee, and directed to another place in the same State, and which contained four fifty dollar bills, a twenty, a ten, a five, and a three—in all, $238. This firm have purchased several thousands of these worn-out mail-bags, and several other letters have been found in them.

HOOPS AND GEESE.

A Richmond paper says: "A number of young ladies were refreshing themselves with a ramble through the grove, when one of them came in contact with a flock of straggling geese. In a moment they were streaming under her gigantic skirts, double file, heads down, wings flapping and tongues hissing; the fair one in the mean time in a temporary paralysis of alarm, doing the 'nervous' with poetry of posture and delicacy of vociferation entertaining in the extreme. The geese immediately commenced kicking up a row when they found themselves rather more crowded than they anticipated, at which stage of the proceedings, the lady, in an attempt to overleap the difficulty, was carried over a fence and put down in the midst of a corn-field, where the unwelcome invaders of her cherished crinoline relieved her and themselves and ran off, leaving their victim to the assistance of her somewhat frightened, considerably astonished, and extensively amused companions."

PERSONAL.

Second-Lieutenant R. A. Wittier, United States Marine Corps, and Lieutenant E. C. Stockton, United States Navy, were lately tried before a naval court-martial at Panama, found guilty, and sentenced—Wittier to be dismissed from the service, and Stockton to be cashiered. The President has approved both sentences.

The *Times* says: "Monsieur Belly, who has recently figured extensively in Nicaraguan affairs, and who has been variously reported as an agent of the French Emperor for securing the Nicaraguan transits, a speculator on his own private account, and at other times as a confidence man on a large scale, arrived in this city by the steamer *Empire City* and took lodgings at the Hotel St. Denis. Since his arrival he appears to have paid the penalty which all celebrated men suffer—that of being extensively stared at, and of being 'pumped.' M. Belly, however, as all great men should, takes the matter philosophically; and as not one in ten of the reporters who have called on him could speak French, and as he can not speak a word of intelligible English, the interviews have been mostly confined to pantomime, ending with a mutual bow, the inquirers leaving about as wise as when they called.

"M. Belly is an intelligent-looking, dapper little Frenchman, below the medium height, of a sandy complexion, a little bronzed, his eye a full hazel, his nose a little aquiline, his whiskers neatly trimmed, and his mustache clipped to the requirements of the season. He may, safely, be called good-looking. He dresses plainly: the only jewelry he wears being a massive gold watch-guard. A modest ribbon ornamented a button-hole on his left breast. He had literally nothing to communicate respecting his visit to Central America, and disclaimed having been there on any 'mission' at all."

A private letter from one of the most distinguished physicians in France, says, that upon consultation by the leading doctors in that empire relative to the case of Senator Sumner, who is now in Paris, it has been decided to perform an operation upon the back, for the purpose of producing a counter-irritation. The operation is that of cauterization—the burning of the flesh and muscle to the spinal column. While this operation is very severe, usually, it is said that it can now be performed by the aid of ether without producing the slightest pain. It is believed that the operation will prove of the greatest advantage to the patient.

The President and his household have moved out to Soldiers' Asylum. Office-seekers are not expected to call before seven in the morning.

A band of six missionaries embarked in the *Andrew Carney* at Boston. They were Rev. Mr. Powers and his wife, who are returning to the mission in Antioch; Mr. and Mrs. Byington, who go out for the first time, and who will labor among the Northern Armenians; Mrs. Byington is the daughter of a missionary, and was born at Smyrna; Miss A. C. Temple and Miss Johnson, who go out to labor as teachers in connection with the Syrian mission. A large company of friends assembled to participate in the embarkation services, which were conducted by Rev. Mr. Manning, and consisted of the singing of the hymn—

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God!"

and prayer.

The furniture of the old Hall of the House of Representatives was sold at Washington on the 30th of June. E. Kingman, Esq., a member of the Press, and native of Massachusetts, and Philip R. Fendall, a son of the Old Dominion, attended, and rescued from the gripe of the Jews and Gentiles some relics of the greatness and glory of the past. Mr. K. purchased, for fifty dollars, the desk from which J. Q. Adams thundered his invectives and spoke his noblest words in defense of the principles of Republican freedom. Old chairs, on which the greatest of American Parliamentary celebrities had sat, went off by the dozen, at a dollar and a half, while the gay carpet on which hundreds of the most honored of America's sons had expectorated for two sessions, was ripped up to a speculator at ten cents a yard.

Senator Fitch, one of the senators from Indiana, made the following response to a serenading party of his office-holding friends and dependents on the night of the 12th instant: "I shall fulfill the promise made to my political friends at the time I was elected—'if God lets me live, I will serve out the full term for which I am elected;' and with such a constituency as I represent, and in such a cause as we are engaged, I feel that He *will* let me live."

Sidney Webster, Esq., of Boston, who was Private Secretary to President Pierce, has been appointed to be a Commissioner of the United States, in place of Judge Loring, recently selected to fill the vacancy in the Court of Claims occasioned by the death of Judge Gilchrist.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* makes the following pleasant allusion to an amateur operatic performance lately at Dr. Thomas Ward's house in University Place:

"A few years ago, our literary journals teemed with pleasant verses commemorative of the amenities of life, society, and nature, and especially of the quiet beauty and legendary charms of the Passaic River, parts of which more nearly resemble the vicinage of England's rural streams than any water-course on this side of the ocean. These graceful effusions bore the signature of 'Flaccus'—well known as the *nom de plume* of a genial son of New Jersey, a graduate of Princeton, and an Epicurean disciple of Esculapius, for independent circumstances enabled Dr. Thomas Ward to enjoy the dignity without enduring the fatigues of the medical profession; his leisure, however, was and is devoted to letters and art; and although his muse has been long silent, she occasionally warbles. Last week this good Flaccus gave his friends an unexpected treat. Cards of invitation to a musical *soirée* at his hospitable and elegant domicile in University Place, drew together an *élite* assembly, who soon found themselves comfortably seated in the two drawing-rooms before a mysterious silken curtain. Precisely at eight o'clock this was withdrawn, and a picturesque and lovely group of peasants whose faces were strangely familiar, were seen grouped around a rosy, white-haired, jolly landlord, in whose hilarious tones we soon recognized our tasteful host.

"'Flora, or the Gipsy's Frolic,' was given in fine style by an amateur company gleaned from among the best vocalists in private society; and we doubt if any city can boast more choice voices or better amateur style of execution. Two exquisite tenors and two fine sopranos equaled many a professional adept; the choruses were spirited and admirably sung, the acting was graceful and clever; and a succession of songs—martial, amorous, convivial, sentimental, and comic, were united by a thread of natural dialogue; some of the solos and duets were charming and vociferously encored, and the concerted pieces went off most affectively—altogether it was a delightful affair. Among the ladies who contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening, was a daughter of S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley), formerly of your city. The genial performance of this little English pastoral opera in three acts—both drama and music by Dr. Ward—was a most refreshing interlude in a week during which the Academy of Music has been closed, and a succession of rainy days threw a damper over every thing including animal spirits. Viva Flaccus!"

It is said that Walker, the filibuster, is certainly preparing a third expedition against Nicaragua. His followers in the South make no secret of the matter, and the Administration has received official information of the fact from the head-quarters of the movement.

The Senate of New Hampshire have concurred with the House in re-electing Hon. John P. Hale, United States Senator, giving him eight votes against three for Wells and one for Colby.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE OUTRAGES QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

On 18th, Mr. Fitzgerald, in reply to Mr. Bright, stated that the Government had received no further information in reference to the alleged outrages. It was quite possible that the commanders of some vessels had exceeded their duties; and if they had, the Government would be ready to make an ample and frank acknowledgment. It was obvious that the cases which had been published were grossly exaggerated. In proof of this he read several cases, and added that the American flag had been abused by those who were not Americans for the vilest purposes. He had entire confidence that when these circumstances were known, and when the disposition of this country was known, all the difficulties would be amicably arranged. The Government, acting under the advice of the Crown lawyers, had given up the right of search and of visit in time of peace; but the Government had invited America to join in maintaining an ocean police. It was under consideration whether the squadron should be withdrawn from the Cuban waters and replaced on the coast of Africa, and stringent instructions had been sent to commanders of cruisers enjoining the strictest prudence and caution.

Mr. Roebuck thought the statement of Mr. Fitzgerald most conciliatory and satisfactory, but the disposition had not been imitated by America. The language used in the American Congress was unworthy of a great country. They had always assumed that England wished to insult them, but he hoped they would now learn that she had no such desire. Lies had been told in the American papers for the purpose of pandering to bad habits, and he would not believe that the commanders had done any thing to call for the censure of our own Government.

Lord John Russell said if the Government conducted the affair in the temperate spirit manifested by the Under-Secretary, there could be no doubt that the House of Commons would hesitate for a moment to give them its support.

Lord Palmerston said the cruisers had been sent into the Cuban waters in consequence of the wishes of Parliament, and of deputations to the Government, and also in compliance with the wish of the American Government themselves. He hoped her Majesty's Government would urge the American Government to send out cruisers to prevent the abuse of the flag of the United States, which had been the cause of the difficulty.

Mr. Disraeli said that the best dispatch that could be sent to America was the calm and dispassionate spirit in which the House of Commons was discussing the question. He added that the American Government had been invited to engage in measures to protect each country against abuses of its flag. He had confidence that the existing misconceptions would speedily disappear. He was not annoyed at American ships of war being sent into Cuban waters, because they would there see for themselves what had taken place.

DEBATE ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The day before, in the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury deeply regretted that the efforts of England to suppress the slave-trade had not been seconded by other nations. With regard to the late unhappy differences, he had admitted to the American Government, as a question of international law, that England was not entitled to insist upon the right of search; but had also put it strongly to the American Government, whether they would continue to permit their flag to be prostituted to the worst of purposes; and he had urged the necessity of ocean police, and that some understanding should be come to between the different maritime nations, which would enable the nationality of vessels to be clearly verified without any danger of a breach of international law. He had every reason to believe, from a conversation he had had with the American Minister, that some such arrangement might be come to. With regard to Spain, it was notorious that hitherto the moral support which she had received from England had materially aided her in resisting the wishes of the United States to annex Cuba; but if she still persisted in supporting the slave-trade, it was highly probable that the present anxiety of Great Britain would be exchanged for indifference.

Earl Gray was sorry there should be any attempts to renew the slave-trade. He thought the United States and France solely responsible for the renewal. With regard to the question of international law, so far as he understood it, an American vessel filled with slaves might leave Africa without England being able to interfere with her, notwithstanding a perfect knowledge of her character.

Earl Aberdeen said this definition of international law was quite correct.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

The Queen is making a tour to Birmingham and the vicinity. She is fond of sight-seeing, loves excitement, and never looks more pleased than when she is in the midst of the crowd, and listens to its cheers. She has just had enjoyment of this kind without stint, giving and receiving pleasure. The Birmingham display excited the enthusiasm of the townspeople, and enormous numbers poured in from the adjacent towns and counties to see the little potentate on whose dominions the sun never sets. Her visit to Warwick Castle must have conjured up historic associations connected with the "king-maker." To the American public the fact is significant, that Aston Hall, near Birmingham, to inaugurate which was the professed object of the Queen's visit to that part of England, is Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," and the subject of some of his papers in the Sketch-Book. The Queen will proceed in a little time to Leeds, where similar honors await her.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON AND HIS WIFE.

We take the following from the *Morning Star:* "A most painful scene occurred at Hertford on Tuesday, the 18th. Toward the close of the proceedings of the Hertfordshire election, just after Sir Edward had concluded his address with a fervent tribute of admiration to the womanly beauty exhibited in the long line of open carriages, chaises, and vans, drawn up in front of the hustings, there was an unwonted stir in the crowd, which parted to admit of the passage of a hired brougham from one of the town inns. The carriage having stopped, two ladies alighted, one of them an extremely handsome woman, of about forty-five years of age, with fresh complexion, and with eyes of dazzling beauty. The lady, who was evidently laboring under excitement which exercised all her powers to control, advanced as nearly as she could through the crowd toward the hustings, and announced herself as the wife of the Right Hon. Sir E. B. Lytton, stating that she had come, according to a promise made by her, to confront her husband, and to expose the wrongs which she said he had inflicted upon her, and which she had described in her works, and in a pamphlet published by her. The appearance of the lady was not unexpected, as her coming had been announced in bills and placards; but, owing to a deception which had been practiced upon her by some persons in the town who had introduced themselves to her, she was detained in the town while the election was proceeding in the vicinity. Those in the secret anticipated that she would not discover the mistake until the proceedings were over, and that her design would be thus frustrated. It was nearly so. Recognized as soon as observed, her voice was nearly drowned by the shouts of Sir Edward's supporters, but Sir Edward's eye caught hers, and his face paled. He looked like a man suddenly attacked by paralysis. Those near him say he trembled exceedingly. For a few moments he retained his position in front of the hustings, but turned his back on the unwelcome visitor. Then he suddenly disappeared below the hustings' platform, while his wife cried 'Coward,' and he, having hastily signed the usual declaration, escaped into the residence of the gentleman on whose grounds the election took place. Lady Lytton continued to address the audience assembled for more than a quarter of an hour, repeating her statements in her pamphlet, and asserting her intention to confront her husband on every possible occasion until she compelled him to redress her wrongs. Her ladyship subsequently made an application to the mayor for the use of the Town-hall, for the purpose of making a public statement, but this being refused her, she left the town early in the afternoon. Lady Lytton arrived in Hertford at three o'clock on the morning of the election, having posted from Taunton, where she resides. It is needless to say that the event described has caused the greatest possible excitement in Hertfordshire."

CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Atlas and Bee* says: "The scandalous reports about Dickens and his family have excited much attention here; but the manly card of Mr. Dickens, published in *Household Words*, relieves him from the imputation of infidelity. I was yesterday conversing with a gentleman well acquainted with the Dickens family, and he attributes the difference between the novelist and wife to diverse views they take in regard to the religious education of their daughters. Mr. Dickens is a decided latitudinarian in his views, and generally attends the Unitarian Church; while Mrs. Dickens, an Edinburgh lady, brought up in the stricter doctrines of Presbyterianism, still clings to the religious ideas inculcated in her youth, and naturally wishes her daughters brought up in the same way. The fact of the daughters siding with the father merely shows that, like most young people, they approve of those doctrines that offer more freedom, and are generally more attractive in appearance at least." It is hinted that the character of Mrs. Clennam, in Little Dorrit, may have been intended to reprove some of the austerities which have annoyed the novelist in his wife.

FIRST-FRUITS OF THE PILLAGE AT LUCKNOW.

A lady residing at Clifton, the wife of a gallant major at present serving in India, has received a letter from her husband, which gives a glowing account of the treasure seized by the British troops at Lucknow. As an earnest of his own success, he has sent her home a necklace of splendid pearls and some emeralds, one of which is believed to be of large value. The gems are in a comparatively rough state, the emeralds having been ignorantly and, we had almost said, mercilessly drilled through. The letter speaks of a corporal in the gallant officer's regiment having got a bracelet which will probably be worth from £100,000 to £200,000. Another letter from a younger officer received at Clifton states that the writer has got three superb embroidered shawls of rare workmanship and great price.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

Lord Carlingford, who has for a number of years been engaged in constructing a flying machine, has announced the success of his undertaking in a letter to the *Kilkenny Moderator*, in which he says: "Although I have not yet taken flight in the achredon, which name I have given to my aërial chariot, I may with confidence and truth announce to you and the world the success of its principle from the results I obtained by an experiment three days ago. Having made some little improvement in the plan of starting the achredon, which consisted in applying a crook to the top of it, and then hooking it to a cord supported between two poles, in the manner of a swing, and having raised it about two feet from the ground, and then drawing it back about two yards and giving it a slight pull forward, it started off, then elevated itself a little in the air, and after going a short distance alighted in the most gentle manner. It acted in this way in consequence of the tail not having been fastened down. By this experiment it must be considered that the principle is fully established, as well as the perfect manner of starting it. When I have made a few more experiments and found out the weight the present extent of wing will be able to bear, and if found sufficient to carry a person without being put to any great speed, which I consider most likely to be the case, it shall be taken to Dublin without delay, and there exhibited for charitable purposes and to the criticism of all."

SIX MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT FOR A KISS.

At the Wareham petty sessions, a day or two since, William Craft, a carpenter, was charged with the following offense: Miss Collyns, daughter of the Rev. H. C. Collyns, of Farringdon Rectory, Devon, went with some relations on board the steamer *Ursa Major* from Poole to Swanage. The defendant was also on board, and when they landed on the quay he pulled her down and kissed her. It does not appear that she was hurt. The magistrates sentenced him to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor.

A MAN EATEN BY PIGS.

Some time since, Mr. Isaac Love, of Bradford-on-Avon, marine-store dealer, left his home for the purpose of going to his garden, about a quarter of a mile distant, where he had several stys of pigs. His wife, finding he did not return, went to the garden in search of him, and not finding him, further search was made, but to no effect. In the morning his son went to the garden, and on looking over one of the stys containing nine small pigs, observed their noses were very bloody, which induced him to go into the house part of the sty, when he was horrified at seeing his father lying on his back quite dead, with the whole of his face and part of his neck completely eaten by the pigs. It is supposed that the deceased went into the sty, and while there had a fit. He was a stout man, in his fifty-eighth year.

A REAL QUASIMODO.

A most fearful scene was lately witnessed in South Shields market-place. Thomas Cook, a sailor, had returned from Hamburg that morning in a brig named the *Castle Eden*. He had been a little excited when he came home, but there had been nothing in his manner very much to alarm his wife. After tea he had dressed himself and gone out; and it would seem that he was immediately after attacked with a sudden fit of madness. He was observed running about in a frightfully excited state, and then to clamber by the spouting to the roof of St. Hilda's church. With such agility as only sailors display, he attached himself to the east side of the church-tower by resting his toe-ends upon a thin ledging sloping to the ground, and not more than an inch in breadth, and striking his finger-nails into the lime between the stones, he brought himself to the outside; but finding he could not pass the other angles, he dropped with his hands on the narrow ledge, and passed himself, hand over hand, completely round the tower—a most miraculous performance—as the oldest sailor in the large crowd that had gathered together had expected every moment that he would slip, and be dashed to pieces on the pavement. Having got back to the roof of the church, the unfortunate man tore off his neck-tie, coat, and linen shirt, and rending them to shreds, he threw the fragments among the excited crowd below. He then pulled out his watch, and dashing it to pieces, pitched it at them. He next emptied his trowsers' pockets of money and cigars and threw them away, and every one thought he was about to precipitate himself from the roof, when the police and several young men burst open the belfry, and rushed to the roof. When Cook saw them coming to him he ran toward them and attempted to drag one young man over the leads, but he was overpowered, and was taken off to the police-station by a strong force of policemen and civilians. He was put into a strait-waistcoat. Cook was a remarkably steady and industrious man, and it is thought that his madness has been produced by the extreme heat experienced at Hamburg.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR *vs.* THE BIBLE SOCIETIES.

A singular edict has appeared in the *Moniteur* relative to the circulation of books and pamphlets by the colporteurs, the individuals so much employed by our English Bible Society. This edict sets out with the assertion that 8,000,000 of immoral books were dispersed over the rural districts of France by 10,000 hawkers "about the year 1847"—that is to say, before the happy period when a revolution prepared that country for its present ruler. "This was the consequence," we are told, "of the imprudent neglect that is adorned with the name of Liberty." For six years the Imperial Government has sought to abate the plague; and not having been so successful as could have been wished, severe means are to be adopted. "It is the duty of the Administration," we read, "to prevent foreign societies, possessed of considerable resources, from dispatching agents to France with the view of producing agitation." We hope this does not mean that the Bible is the next danger to be apprehended in the land of Fénélon. At all events, it pretty clearly shows that the Emperor has a compact with the French clergy which may involve his retention of power.

RESIGNATION OF ESPINASSE.

General Espinasse, Minister of the Interior, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. He is raised to the rank of senator. M. Delangle, senator, and President of the Imperial Court, has been appointed to succeed General Espinasse.

The resignation of General Espinasse has produced a favorable impression at Paris. His successor, as a lawyer, can not but have greater respect for the law.

DE PENE'S ASSASSINS ACQUITTED.

The public prosecutor of Versailles has drawn up a report on the late duel which declares that the military engaged in the case are not subject to civil jurisdiction in reference to the two wounds received by M. de Pène. The report states that in the precipitation of the combat, Hyenne, fearing a parry and thrust, and not being fully aware that he had wounded his adversary in the right side, had instantaneously made a second thrust, to which de Pène, by a sudden change of position, had presented the left side. It adds that Hyenne had never been a fencing master.

A TOUCH OF THE OLD REGIME.

There is afloat an interesting anecdote connected with the charming *fête* given lately at Etoilles by Count Walewski, in honor of the visit of their Majesties. A fine little boy, son of the Count, attracted great notice, and the Emperor calling the child to him, asked, "What is your name, my boy?" The child replied, "Charles Walewski"—"Count d'Etoilles," added the Emperor, completing the answer. His Majesty desired, apparently, by conferring this title on the son, to express how highly he esteemed the services of the father as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Count Walewski has, it is said, ordered, from a first-rate artist, a picture to represent the *fête* at Etoilles—the occasion of this high mark of Imperial favor.

DEATH OF ARY SCHEFFER.

We have to announce a fact which every lover of art will learn with regret. Ary Scheffer is dead. From the *Journal des Debats*, which contains the sad intelligence, we learn that he succumbed on Wednesday, 16th, to the attacks of a complaint, the seeds of which had existed for many years, the result being hastened by emotions occasioned by a recent mournful journey. Falling ill, at London, three weeks since, M. Scheffer returned to his country only to bid his family and friends a last farewell. Ary Scheffer was born in Holland, of French parents, in 1795. He studied art at Paris under the celebrated Guerin, and in that city practiced both historical and genre painting with great success. Among his best known pictures are his "Christ the Comforter," a work of great power and beauty, "Francesca da Rimini," "Dante and Beatrice," Goethe's "Margaret," and "Mignon." His works are remarkable for loftiness and simplicity. Their technical merits are very high. His drawing is true and graceful, his touch firm, and his color often beautiful. In France, Ary Scheffer was regarded as the leader of devotional art, toward which he was carried by the strongest tendencies of his character. One of his countrymen has said of him: "All the world is able to admire some at least of those compositions which have become popular, where distinguished taste is associated with the finest and truest sentiment; but only they who are acquainted with M. Scheffer can know from what a living source of poetry those pathetic and charming creations emanated. M. Scheffer was not only a great artist—he had a mind open to all that is noble, generous, and good. His great career—always maintained in a line of the most rigid independence—offers to youthful talent the pattern of a life gloriously passed."

ALEXANDER DUMAS'S LAST DISH.

A Paris correspondent says: "Alexandre Dumas is gone, or talks of going, to Petersburg, Moscow, Tiflis, Constantinople, and 'adjacent parts,' whence he will return in two months, or less, with twenty volumes of travel, or more. I long since ceased to keep the run even of the titles of his new books. But he is something more, not to say better, than a writer; he is a cook—not a common roaster and boiler, but an inventive, 'talented' cook. One of his latest productions in that capacity is a roast rabbit, a meritorious work, of which the following recipe will, I think, lead to numerous American editions; 'Take a rabbit, kill him, open him, draw him, save all the blood; take the blood, the liver, a chicken's wing, two partridge wings, a truffle, a little sausage meat, onion, parsley, a clove of garlic, pepper, salt, etc., a bit of butter—chop and mix all these, and stuff the rabbit with the compound; hang him for two days by the hind legs in a cool, dry room; then put him on the spit, and turn him simply, without basting—for, mind, he is in his skin yet; when little jets of savory issue from him, remove him from the fire, hold him in the left hand by the hind legs, seize his apology for a tail with the right, give it one firm jerk, and your rabbit is skinned; serve him up with a butter sauce; sit and eat with thankfulness,' and drink to the health of Alexandre Dumas."

A THIEF CAUGHT BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Five or six days ago," says a late Paris paper, "M. X——, a photographer, allured by the brightness of the sun and the softness of the air, provided himself with necessary baggage, and hastened to Fontainebleau to take views in the forest. He installed in a very picturesque quarter, erected his apparatus, prepared his plates, opened his object-glass, and, enveloping at once his case and his head in a large, dark, and flucturant vail, set himself to the task of seizing the objects in view. He had just taken out his proof from the dark chamber, and was subjecting it to chemical reactions, when a strong hand was placed on his shoulder. He turned round hastily and found himself in presence of a species of giant, meanly attired, who, by gesture and voice, demanded his purse. M. X—— is not a Hercules, and, from the first glance cast toward his adversary, he concluded that all resistance was useless. He therefore politely offered his purse, which was accepted with thankfulness. The robber bowed, and, leaving him to his resignation, went into the depths of the forest. Poor X——, meditating on his sad lot, remained some time motionless; his looks were mechanically set on his photographic proof; he mused upon it with a diverted and unconcerned eye: suddenly—'What is this?' exclaimed he; 'what is the human form in this coppic, under the shade of this oak? Heaven! should I believe my eyes? It is him, it is my robber, perfectly delineated, and very easy to be recognized. Oh, Providence! Oh, diving sun, my co-laborer, how well you do things!' On his return, he repaired to the police commissioner's at Fontainebleau, related his adventure, exhibited his proof-plate and the malefactor's likeness. Next day, with the aid of this singular description, the robber was arrested!"

ITALY.

THE PRESIDENT PRAYED FOR AT FLORENCE.

A letter-writer from Italy tells a story of a display of the right sort of "Americanism" by one of our countrymen in Florence. The Church of England has a congregation there, the expenses of which are paid by an admission fee of two pauls, demanded of all who enter the church. The receipts from this source being insufficient to provide for the support of the minister and sexton, the vestrymen (all English) had to make it up from their own private purses. One of the members resigned, and an American gentleman was requested to take his place. Knowing very well the object of the proposition, our countryman determined, at least, to make the best bargain that he could, and consented to serve, on condition that a prayer for the President and his Cabinet should be inserted in the service along with that for the Queen and Royal Family. The terms were accepted; the new vestryman was installed into office; the worthy clergyman and the vigilant beadle are now provided for; and public prayer is constantly made for the American President and his ministers on the banks of the classic old Arno—all the results of a good Yankee bargain.

TURKEY.

MARRIAGE OF A SULTANA.

Nezibeh Sultana was married on 3d June. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the scene:

"At one o'clock the indispensable salute of cannon announced the beginning of the proceedings. One by one the high officials entered their caïques; passing the palace, they stopped at some distance from it, waiting for the appearance of the bride, and ready to head the *cortége*. By degrees the palace caïques approached and moored along the quay, leaving the place of honor before the gate to the splendid state caïque destined for the Sultana, and immediately before it another, similar, but not so rich, for the Kislar Aga, who has to deliver over the bride to her future husband. The Sultana's caïque was painted white, with richly gilt carvings along the bulwarks, and rose-colored oars, likewise relieved with gold ornaments. In the afterpart of it a beautiful little cabin, all gold and pale blue, with glittering Venetian blinds, was erected. A faint sound of song, the usual marriage ditty, heralded the approach of the bride; the children disappeared, the servants formed a row, and the procession began.

"First came, supported by two blacks, the Kislar Aga, who is at the head of the whole female department of the palace, and plays a prominent part on all such occasions. After him the mother of the bride, gorgeously dressed in pink satin ferigeh, likewise supported by two blacks, one of them holding a large pink umbrella, embroidered in silver, over her head. She was followed by the younger brothers and sisters of the bride, each of them accompanied by their mothers and their suites of ladies and blacks. When these had passed and taken their seats in the caïques, the red screen was spread out and drawn down to the door of the little cabin, so as to conceal the bride from profane eyes. In spite of these precautions, before she descended the flight of steps one could catch a glance of her as she came out, covered with a rose-colored vail from head to foot, and followed by a host of ladies and children of the palace, who accompanied her, singing the monotonous marriage chant, which sounded quite melodious as it came across the water. The screen was withdrawn, and a fat eunuch in a rich uniform sat before the door of the cabin, which had let in the bride."

THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

The signal was given and the procession started, the high officials in front according to their rank—the highest nearest to the bride; after them the caïque containing the Kislar Aga, and then the bride, followed by her sisters and brothers, and her own and their suites.

The distance from the palace to Emerghan, where Mustapha Pacha's summer palace has been taken for the couple, is about five miles, and the sight which they presented while the procession passed slowly was quite unique. Wherever there is a quay along the whole distance, it was covered with a multitude, almost exclusively women, who in sight-seeing have here always the right of precedence. Wherever there is no quay and the houses rise close to the water, the windows presented the same aspect. On all the prominent points the military were drawn up, with their bands playing, so that the *cortége* was almost all along accompanied by the sound of music. The effect which this *ensemble* produced it is impossible to describe. Color, which forms the most prominent feature in every Eastern *tableau*, lent to this, too, a charm of its own; the most glaring tints harmonized, and were framed in by the equally bright-colored houses on both shores, looking their best in the brilliant sunshine, with emerald green hills as a back-ground, a cloudless sky above, and a blue, calm sea below. It was a real feast for the eye.

After a row of about an hour and a half the procession reached its destination. The Sultana stopped before the harem door in her caïque until all the female part of the *cortége* had landed, and formed inside to receive her. Before the screen was closed one could see the *grande maitresse* come down to introduce the bride to her house. Again the sounds of the marriage song were heard, the screen was withdrawn, and the bride had passed.

ALGIERS.

HOW TO MAKE RAIN.

At Bona the native Algerines, angry at no rain falling, seized half a dozen Marabouts, and plunged the holy men into the sea, keeping them in the bath until a shower came. It actually began to pour down at once. The Lazzaroni at Naples are trying a similar experiment against the lava of Vesuvius with a wooden doll of St. Januarius.

INDIA.

ILLNESS OF MR. RUSSELL.

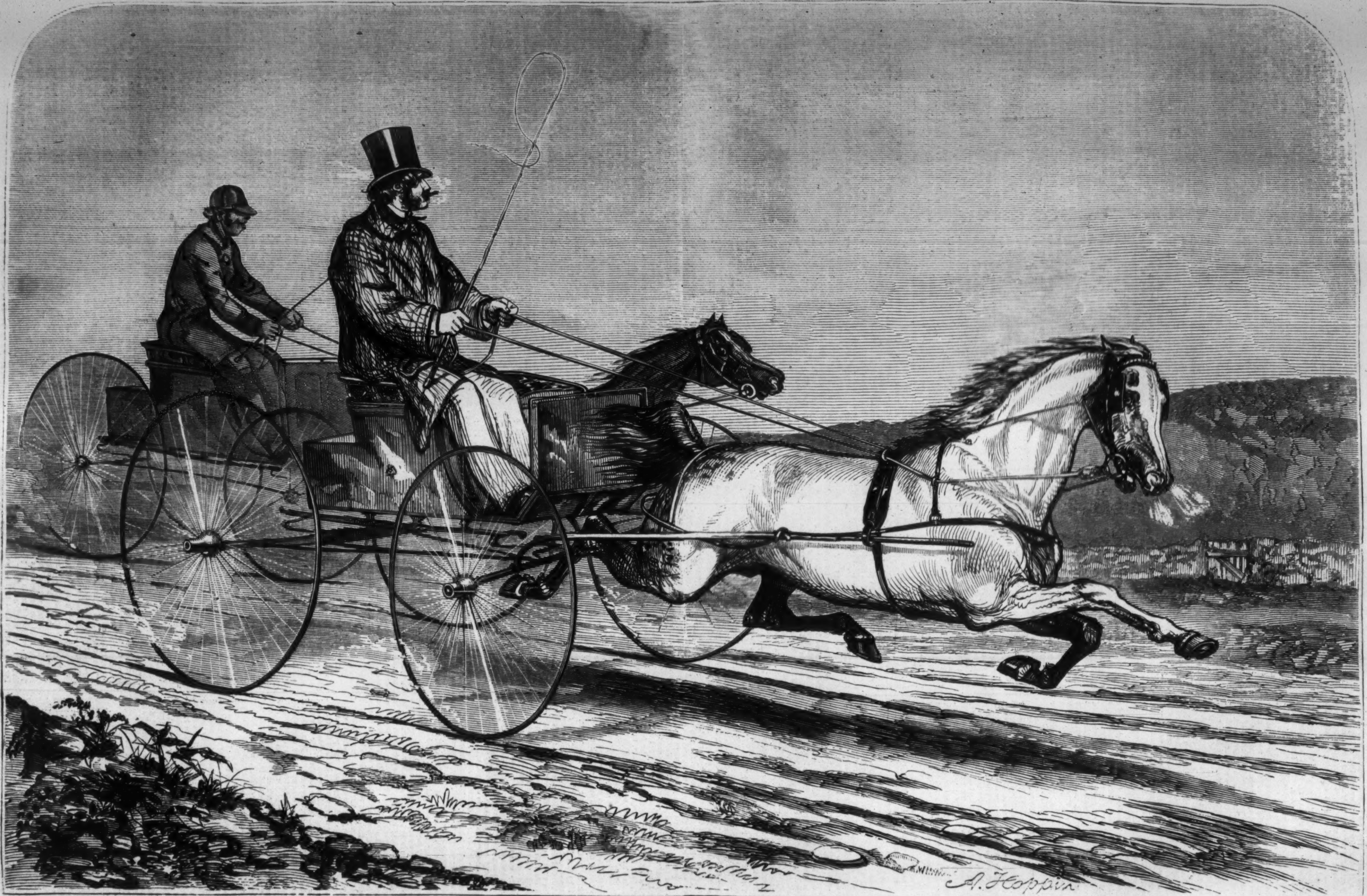
The Bombay *Gazette* says: "Much suffering has already been entailed on our men in the field from the great power of the sun. We see, with regret, that Mr. William Russell, the *Times'* correspondent, was struck in this way at the attack of the Bareilly cantonments, and requires much care and attention before he can recover. His first accident was a kick from a horse, which compelled him to resort to a dhooly. When the baggage was in danger at Bareilly his bearers put him down on the road and bolted. Weak and very ill, he nevertheless managed to mount a horse, when a sun-stroke knocked him down, and very nearly proved fatal."

AN ELEPHANT-RIDE.

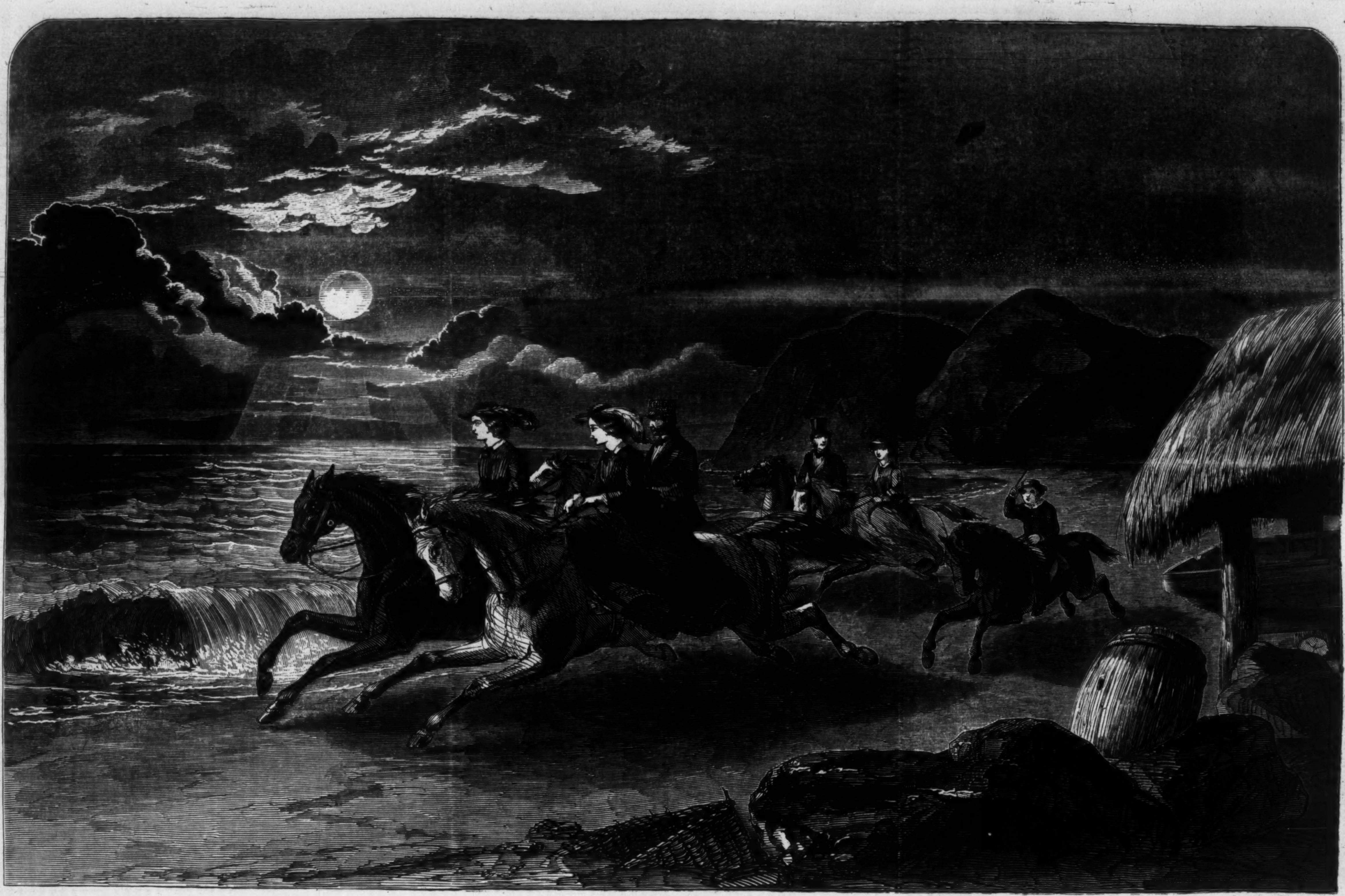
Mr. Russell thus describes an elephant-ride which he had before he was struck down: "I had not been long asleep under my tree when I was awoke by Colonel Pakenham calling out, 'Where is my elephant?' very much in the same tone of voice as a man in a club would ask for his hat. The elephants were punctual. At the word of the mahout, the ancient pachyderm, who was to carry the Quartermaster-General, Colonel M'Pherson; Major Stewart, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General; Dr. Mackinnon, Surgeon to the Head-quarters, and myself, knelt down, with infinite condescension, and permitted a ladder to be placed against his side, by which we mounted to a contrivance just like the body of an Irish jaunting-car, strapped over his back. We preferred that mode of mounting to the more usual way of putting one's foot on the animal's proboscis, and holding on by the lower flap of his huge Indian-rubber-looking ear, while he, by a gentle curl upward of his omnificent snout, raises the rider to his back—or to the equally popular mode of seizing his tail and putting our foot against his hind-leg, which the animal elevates at the word of command till the biped is high enough to scramble to his seat on the howdah. We sat back to back, two at each side, nicely balanced, and, having undergone two smart shocks of an earthquake while our friend, in two great heaves, fore and aft, got to his feet, proceeded on our journey. I can not say, notwithstanding the honor and glory of the thing, that the elephant is an animal which makes a favorable impression as a means of locomotion. The only thing to which I can compare the pitching fore and aft, as he rises and falls in his stride, is the riding of a light collier brig in a joggling tide-way. One of our party was soon sickened, and the others were engaged with great severity of aspect in holding on to the rails of the vessel, 'like grim death to a backstay.' We passed along above the dust with a nightmary sensation, and before two o'clock in the morning our line of elephants had delicately picked their way by their noses over the bridge of boats, and were in Rohilcund, plodding through the crowd of animals of an inferior order—man and beast—toward their destination. And so we went on till dawn, very sleepy, and very tight-ropy and noddy. We roused up to an attitude of attention at the sight of a broad and deep-looking river, which looked any thing but inviting under the combined rays of the setting moon and the rising sun. This was the Ramgunga, and the bridge of boats a few yards above us were those which had been secured by the victory at Allehgunj, after the sad affair at Khadamow. The Lord Sahib's elephants were just crossing the bridge, and so ours were driven to the ford, and at once plunged into the stream. As these sagacious and highly intellectual beings are horribly fond of practical jokes, we watched the depth of the water with some anxiety, lest our bearer should avoid the trouble of swimming by the simple expedient of letting his feet drop, and walking on the bottom, while the top of his proboscis, held above water, supplied him with air; but the stream was not more than six or seven feet deep, and we crossed without an involuntary ablution."

A DUST STORM IN INDIA.

Mr. Russell tells the following story: "We have just had our first dust storm. The evening was sultry and oppressive, and on leaving the mess tent, about eight o'clock, to go to bed, I saw that a large bank of clouds lay under the moon. As I looked a large globe of fire opened out as it were from the cloud, and seemed to fall to the ground. I returned to the tent and mentioned what I had seen, but there was no need of any telling that a storm was brewing. As I walked to my tent, and just as I was within ten yards of it, I observed something like a wall of mud, ten or twelve feet high, advancing toward us. In an instant I was half smothered and quite blinded by a rush of dust and fine pebbles, carried by a strong blast, above the noise of which rose the flapping of tents and the mutterings of thunder. I had to shout for assistance, and my servants led me to the tent, which was intent on joining the dust and pebbles, but was coerced by ropes to desist. The sky became pitch dark, in spite of the moon—lightning flashed through the storm now and then, only to show how dense it was—the dust was irresistible and overpowering—tents were blown down and over—thunder rolled and great drops of rain fell, but long after our tired soldiers were fast asleep the storm passed away."



ON THE ROAD.



ON THE BEACH.

ON THE ROAD AND BY THE BEACH.

"THE Road," as a technical term, has borne very different significations since this mother tongue of ours was first invented. In the old mother country, when a man took to "the road," he became a highway robber. When a gentleman "tried the road," he drove a coach-and-four over a well-beaten turnpike in advance of the "jarveys" of the day. When a laborer fell back on "the road," he became "a tinker;" not by any means a mender of pots and pans, but a peddler, and mayhap what our police call a sneak-thief. When a poor mother and her children were "on the road," it was certain that they had been turned out of house and home by a scoundrel of a husband and father. In this meridian, and in our day, people who take to "the road" drive fast horses on the dusty avenues which lead from the settled portion of the city to the upper end of Manhattan Island.

It is a dreary pastime. The overworked New Yorker may not unreasonably seek a mild form of recreation by driving his family out of an afternoon on the only country roads which lead from the city into the country. But alas for our peace and comfort! democracy has its rights and the means of gratifying them; and a prize-fighter's horse will kick up as much dust as a bank director's. Instead of being, as the "nouveaux riches" fondly imagine, fashionable drives for the aristocratic portion of our people, the avenues leading from the city northward are the resort of all that is least admirable in our motley population. Jim and Jack, who belong to the class which the law designates as "loose, idle, and disorderly persons," are the prominent characters on "the road." They have 2.50 horses, and they pride themselves on the discomfort of their vehicles, the savagery of their costume, and the number of victims whom they have run over. Every fine day Jim runs a race with Jack to the infinite discomfort of Cotton Pork, Esq., who is taking Mrs. Pork and the little Porkers out for a quiet drive. Whether Jim beat Jack, or Jack beat Jim, the Pork family must eat the same amount of dirt. Who are they—bloated aristocrats, indeed!—that they should complain and seek to curtail the privileges of the unterrified democracy?

Sometimes Montmorency De Rohan Trevylyan condescends to drive out on "the road." Him do Jack, Jim, and Bill conspire to provoke, driving their short-tailed cobs athwart the proud nose of his thorough-bred, and filling that of his owner with dust. Not even the nobility of Trevylyan can long endure such a provocation. A time comes, sooner or later, when he takes up the gauntlet, and a mere hint—with rein, voice, or whip—is given to thorough-bred that he may "navigate." He, bursting with almost human jealousy and pride, begins to air his mettle; Jim and Jack must now show of what stuff they are made. To the credit of our great unwashed be it said that they seldom decline a fair race. Jim drives a butcher's cart, and often leaves sirloins at Trevylyan's door; Jack has lately enjoyed the genial hospitalities of the Governor of Sing Sing. But "the road" has this at least among the characteristics of a better place—it is no respecter of persons. Jack and Jim, behind their cobs, are the equals of Montmorency De Rohan Trevylyan; and if his horse be the slowest of foot, they are his superiors. Sometimes Fate thus decrees. Generally, however, as the female novelists say, blood will tell in the end, and, as our artist depicts the scene, it is Jim or Jack who swallows the dust. At any rate, both tear along "the road" at a furious pace; dashing over horses, men, women, and children, if they chance to be in the way; and choke Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Pork without the least compunction.

Rumor—that very scandalous dame—will have it that Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Pork are not the only representatives of fashion who are regular patrons of "the road." It is said that the muse of history has been seen behind a fast horse struggling faintly to talk in a simoon of dust. It is whispered that several millions of capital embodied in a light paletot have been recklessly endangered by a race with a fast oysterman. These scandals may pass; but when gossip dares to assert that the pillar of pure orthodoxy and the largest contributor to benevolent institutions has been seen laying the whip on a light bay with a view to outstrip an indecent dealer in market produce, it is time to stop its mouth and change the subject.

Brown knows better than to seek exercise or pastime on "the road." He—the rascal—has already fled the city. Accident—the merest accident—induced him to select Moonshine Bay as his summer retreat. It chanced that the Miss Smiths were there. Emma adores riding; Emily loves riding; Lucy can not live without riding. What more natural, then, than that Brown should ride out of a summer evening with the Miss Smiths on the hard sand beach? There are no Jacks or Jims there to disturb the delicious pastime; and if they were there, there is no dust to be swallowed. Nothing underfoot but the hard, clean beach, and now and then a soft piece of sward; nothing above but the bracing sea air coming swelling from great Atlantic depths, rebounding from the rough force of the surf. No sound is there but the roar of the breakers and the chirrup of insects; for if Brown does now and then drop behind when Emily reins up to enjoy a particular effect of the moon, they do not converse in tones loud enough to break the great silence of the scene. Ah me! what a delightful thing it is to have a gallop on a good horse by the sea-shore, with a lovely girl to share the pleasure!

WHAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY IN OUR VILLAGE.

THERE came one day to stop with Mrs. Quirk, the boarding-house keeper in our village, a pale, slender youth, who seemed to have glided into the place like a spirit. No one saw him arrive—not even his landlady, I believe; he appeared, as it were, and wandered up and down our street, and through our woods, with something ghostly in his air. He was very beautiful—something like what Hylas must have been when the river nymphs twined themselves round his delicate limbs, and bore him to their fountain palaces. A fine spiritual head, almost drowning, as it were, in billows of rich golden hair. Large, deep-blue eyes, so tender yet so shy, that they looked like large summer stars bathed in the falling dews. Delicate white hands, and small elastic feet. He was, in fact, far too beautiful for a man; nevertheless we were all in love with him.

His habits were strange. A pretty river ran through our village—one of those sweet New England streams, brimmed with rustling sedges and quiet water-plants, and rich with the blue forget-me-not and the crimson lobelia. Here he would spend the greater part of his days, dipping his small white hand into the water, weaving wreaths of the wild blossoms that grew around him, and watching the swallows, as they drove, like flying leaves, through the air.

He pursued none of the amusements usual to youths of his age. He neither fished, nor shot, nor rode. Sometimes he would be seen with a book in his hand, but this was unfrequent; the greater portion of his time was spent by the bank of the little river. He seemed to pass the life of a bird, resting in the sunshine, and drinking in the breath of Nature.

Who was he? No one knew. He avoided all intimacies, and rarely spoke even to good Mrs. Quirk, who, to do her justice, left no means untried to penetrate the mystery in which he had unfolded himself. All we knew was that he called himself Henry Aspen, and came from New York. With this scanty information we were feign to content ourselves; but every now and again, as some of us young girls saw him pacing down the street, with his beautiful eyes bent upon the ground, and his rich hair falling in long curls over his shoulders, we would wonder among ourselves as to his past history, and unanimously come to the conclusion that he had been crossed in love.

The summer went by, and autumn had already kindled its early fires in the woods, and we remarked that, day by day, the youth Aspen became paler and paler, and walked with a feebler step. He now might be seen, day after day, creeping to the river-side, where he lay nestled into some nook where the sun shone, with closed eyes, and cheeks that seemed as wan as the lilies that grew near them.

One fine autumn evening, when the sun was sinking behind the mountains, which shone like blackest ebony against his fiery disc, we beheld Mrs. Quirk issue in a state of unusual agitation from her house, and run across the road to the doctor's. In a few minutes she reappeared, accompanied by our good physician, when both hastily entered her house. Something was evidently the matter. What could it be? Was the poor youth taken ill? Some sweet eyes became moist with tears at the very thought of such a contingency.

In less than an hour the doctor issued from Mrs. Quirk's door. He looked so grave and sad that we knew that death was in our village.

Some of us questioned him, but we could get no information save that Henry Aspen, as he called himself, had died suddenly of the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs. The doctor returned evasive answers to every other question we put to him. He paid a visit to the telegraph-office, however, that evening, and then we knew that something must transpire.

Sure enough the very next day a carriage dashed up to Mrs. Quirk's door, and a lady and gentleman got out and hurried into the house.

Poor people! thought we; the father and mother, of course. God console them in their affliction!

There was a funeral the next day, and we could see in the depths of a large carriage two pale, sorrowful faces, mourning for the lost child.

Conceive our astonishment, on the very next day, which was Sunday, to hear our pastor, the Rev. Lima Bean, invite our prayers for the soul of Lucy Henrietta Aspen, who died on the evening of August the —, 1857.

Henry Aspen, therefore, was a woman!

We learned the story afterward. She had been forced into a match with a man she detested, by her parents; she truly loved a young naval officer who was far away at sea. On the morning of the wedding she disguised herself and fled. Fled to our quiet village, there to mourn and die.

Peace be with her!

MR. JAMRACH'S COLLEGE FOR YOUNG BEASTS.

BEYOND the leading articles of my newspaper, in which I am a connoisseur, I seldom look at any other part of it. Though I constantly aim at reading high compositions, and strive to avoid all other, I often peruse things not bargained for or expected; and in this manner, I can not tell exactly when, a paragraph met my eye purporting that a certain tiger broke loose on a certain day, from the premises of Mr. Jamrach, the celebrated importer of wild beasts in London, England, ran into the streets, and began to play certain pranks; the result of which was, a certain boy conveyed wounded to the London Hospital, and a protracted struggle between the escaped beast on the one hand, and a certain man, armed with a crow-bar, on the other; the contest eventually ended in the discomfiture of the wild beast and her ignominious return (it was a lady tiger) to her prison cage. So I made a note of it, determining in my own mind that I would beat up Mr. Jamrach some fine day. The resolve remained some time in abeyance, and might have continued so some time longer, were it not for a certain announcement which again came in my way, to the effect that a fine rhinoceros had arrived at Mr. Jamrach's seminary, preparatory to undergoing such a course of educational training as should make the animal fitting society for the beasts of a civilized menagerie. Not knowing how long this educational course might last, to Mr. Jamrach's I went without further delay.

Though ignorant of the number of that gentleman's residence, I took it for granted that the name of one who had conquered a truant tigress and led her back to captivity, could not be hid under a bushel, and that he would be certainly known to people thereabout. I was not mistaken. Almost the first boy I met directed me to a shop where chirpings and cooings and growlings innumerable fell on my ear, and certain stuffed specimens of natural history placed in the windows would have satisfied me I was in the right place at last, though the name of Jamrach had not been printed in large letters over the door. Mr. Jamrach presented himself in the form of a stalwart German—one whom a prudent lion or tiger would not care to meet, provided a crow-bar were at Mr. Jamrach's disposal; for I subsequently had to learn that a crow-bar stood in the same relation to a tamer of wild beasts as a cane to the hands of a pedagogue. The object of my call was soon explained. I wanted to know all about the wild beasts, his pupils; to study their course of education; to familiarize myself with their habits; whether they took kindly to human discipline or not; whether they remembered favors; and, in short, any other collateral points which the master might be kind enough to indicate. He entered into my views at once, and I herewith take a public opportunity of thanking him for all his civility.

"I have only small animals here," he said; "birds chiefly, as you will perceive. But come with me a little way down the street, and you shall see my large pupils; they are only distant from here about three hundred yards."

So away we went.

Arrived at a court-yard, I found myself between too rows of cages. There were not many animals on that part of the establishment. A condor of the Andes, moping sulkily in her cage, had one side of the court-yard pretty nearly to herself. Passing on, I came to a ladder, leading to a sort of loft. That ladder Mr. Jamrach told me to mount, which made me ask whether the rhinoceros was to be found up there? My informant explained.

"She is not up there," replied he; "she is below in a den; but through a hole in the flooring you will have to see her."

Down through the hole I peeped, and there, in a den, sure enough she was, nibbling hay with much complacency. Mr. Jamrach now went away, handing me over to the guidance of his keeper—the keeper, I mean, of his wild animals. This keeper was a man almost as worthy of being studied as the animals under his charge. A *very* small man, indeed; yet to him I found the credit was due of catching and bringing back the stray tigress. I found him full of anecdote; and I, making the best of my opportunity, began to question him about his system of education, and the peculiarities of his pupils. I asked him first about the king of beasts, of course. It was easier, he told me, to gain the confidence of a lion than a tiger; yet tigers and tigresses would occasionally have very pretty ways. "That very tigress which escaped," said he, "knew me well, and seemed to be very fond of me. Often, when I was passing the front of her den, she would thrust out both paws, and beckon me toward her."

"And did you accept her invitation?" said I.

"Often; and putting her paws one on either side of my neck, she would caress me."

"Lions and tigers are often gentle enough while in their dens," continued he; "but if by chance they break loose, their natural ferocity again possesses them. They forget all friendship then, and one must show them no favor or mercy. There is only one way to deal with them."

"And what is that?"

"Knock them on the head at once—stun them. That is how I served the tigress. I felled her with the blow of a crow-bar. For a time she lay like a thing dead, and when she recovered well enough to walk, oh! what a tussle we two had! She showed her teeth, and pulled one way—I showed my crow-bar, and pulled the other way. She did not half like going back, I assure you; but I got the better of her at last."

"And did she ever forgive you?" asked I. "There was an end to her invitations and caresses, I should imagine."

"Not a bit of it," said the keeper; "she forgave me, and after a few days we were as good friends as ever."

"Her memory must have been indifferent," I ventured to suggest. "Probably she forgot about it."

The keeper smiled and shook his head. "The memory of lions and tigers is good enough," said he; "I will give you a proof of it. Look at those cages. You will observe we have to clean them out with an iron rake, through an opening below the railings. Now it is a very common trick of lions and tigers just imported to lay hold of the rake, and bite it and break it. That bad habit must be altered: there is no dealing with a wild beast vicious after that fashion. We have a certain cure," continued he; "and when I tell you what it is, you will no longer doubt that lions and tigers have very good memories. We make the rake hot in a fire, and a lion or tiger, after biting it once, never bites it a second time."

At this period of the narrative a short grunt from the imprisoned rhinoceros caused me again to look down through the hole. But the lady had by this time made herself invisible. Not liking to be stared at, as it would seem, she had shrunk away to the farther corner of her den, where, shrouded in darkness, my inquisitive eye-glances could no longer follow her. The keeper was indignant. What business had she to be thus coy and retiring to a gentleman formally introduced?

"So ho, Mouta!" said he, calling her by her Indian name—for she was a denizen of the Ganges—"I'll teach you better manners."

"Wait a bit," said he to me; "I'll go down and stir her up; I'll make her go forward."

I begged of him to do no such thing: it seemed to me sheer recklessness. Smiling, he bade me have no concern. Then, as a schoolmaster might have seized his cane to correct a stubborn boy, or a huntsman his whip to check the barkings of an unruly dog, so did the usher of Mr. Jamrach's educational establishment lay hold of an instrument proper, I suppose, for the correction and management of rebellious rhinoceri. It was a murderous-looking thing, rather like a long tomahawk.

Down through the floor the complacent usher bobbed. Bang went the tomahawk, right and left, and with many a snort and grunt, forward, in a position where the light could shine upon her, came the rhinoceros. I beg the reader to have no manner of anxiety for her comfort. Having regard to the thickness of her skin, the tomahawk, murderous though it looked in the abstract, could not have much hurt her. Now, for the first time, I perceived that the nose horn, from which the specific name of the animal is derived, had well-nigh disappeared—the invariable result, I was informed, of keeping these animals in captivity. They are in the habit of rubbing away the point of the horn against the hard sides of the den, faster than the horny matter can be produced at the base.

Passing now near a row of cages, in which some little animals were confined, I felt a soft velvety touch on the back of my hand. Looking round, I perceived a creature, not quite a monkey, but something that way inclined. I was sagacious enough to imagine that it might be one of the lemur tribe, prevalent in Madagascar—a supposition which my guide confirmed. It was begging, poor little thing! for something to eat. Lemurs, like monkeys, are great adepts at eating. Among the smaller animals, a pair of jackals struck me, they were so benignant and innocent-looking. I shall doubt the teaching of Lavater, if what the keeper told me about the jackals was reliable. He gave them a very bad character indeed. They would bite and scratch, and do the utmost mischief in their power. To make pets of them, and let them run loose about the house, would be impossible; for, among other evil propensities, they were given to cat-killing and cat-eating.

Mr. Jamrach's college numbered among its inmates a goodly lot of monkeys. There they were, of many sorts and sizes, grinning, chattering, and making wry faces. For the first time in my life I discovered where monkeys came from—I mean whereabouts in London, after their importation. I am somewhat of a monkey admirer. I have always had a leaning that way, and many times have resolved to increase the number of my family by one of those little wood-people. In my ignorance, not being cognizant of the monkey mart, and applying to happy-family men and organ-grinders for information, the whole subject of monkey-traffic was enveloped in such studied mystery, that I began to despair of ever adding one of these caricature presentments of humanity to my household circle. The price of monkeys is not so outrageous after all, if one goes to the right mart for them. Deportment and carriage count for a good deal, I find, in the market value of a monkey, even more than personal appearance: and now, in testimony to the superior attractions of monkeys of the softer sex, I am happy to inform my readers that lady-monkeys fetch a higher price in the market than gentlemen monkeys. Ring-tailed monkeys, I was informed, stand the climate almost better than any other. The blue-faced monkey is rather more gentle. Therefore, between a ring-tail and a blueface lies my choice whenever I go into the monkey-market as a purchaser. But to tell the truth, after what I saw at Mr. Jamrach's, I do not know that a monkey *shall* be my first choice, except I can procure one with a certificate of good character—a contingency not very probable, by-the-way. A kangaroo was recommended to me as a very pretty pet—one had just been sold at Mr. Jamrach's for fifty shillings ($12 50)—and an opossum appeared to be all gentleness. Sweet little things they are, I was informed, when well treated. Who would be cruel enough to treat them ill? Alas! I bethought me of opossum rugs, now being introduced as articles of luxury into this country. A certain proprietor of an opossum rug (price $40) told me, as a recommendation, that not less than eighty skins were sown together in the manufacture of it. Alas! poor opossums.

"You must have a somewhat dangerous life of it?" remarked I. "Are you not afraid sometimes?"

He smiled. "Not of beasts and birds," said he; "but the snakes, ugh! I don't like them particularly."

"Do you deal in snakes, too?"

"Of all sorts and sizes. I understand the ways of them pretty well, but now and then strange snakes come here, the ways of which I don't quite understand. Of all snakes, I hate puff-adders most. A short time since forty puff-adders came here in a box. I had to remove them one by one, put them in different boxes, and send them to various quarters. I didn't half like the job, I can tell you."

"You handle them with tongs, I suppose?"

"We have not a pair of tongs on the premises," replied he.

"How do you catch them, then?"

"Seize them between finger and thumb, and hold them fast. That's the only way to deal with them."

"Do you wear gloves?"

"Yes, very thin gloves. Thick gloves would interfere with the nimbleness of one's fingers. A snake would easily bite through many such gloves as I wear; but I fancy leather, however thin, would catch some of the poison. A puff-adder is the ugliest snake I know of. His ways are as ugly as his looks. The rattlesnake I don't mind: he is a gentleman—a fair dealing fellow. Before he bites, he gives you warning by sounding his rattle twice. You may safely touch him after one rattle; but after rattling the second time, stand clear, or you are a dead man."

At this period of the narrative I could not help fancying that it would be better to leave puff-adders, rattlesnakes, and others of the poison-tooth tribe, alone to crawl in their native wilds. I doubted whether the curiosity of noticing such animals in captivity would justify the danger to human life involved. As our conversation proceeded, I found that even puff-adder and rattlesnake traffic admitted of a plausible defense, on the score of utility to man. These creatures are distributed among physiologists and others who study the effects of poisons. Many of the puff-adders, for example, just alluded to, were taken to Germany by the keeper, my informant, and disposed of as I have mentioned. I had kept English snakes myself. Harmless creatures enough they are, except to the frogs. A person unaccustomed to the ways of common snakes would never credit their gorging power—how they manage to swallow, with apparent ease, frogs larger than themselves. Now, rattlesnakes and puff-adders, nay, I believe, poison snakes generally, according to the testimony of my informant, do not care much about gorging. Occasionally they will swallow a mouse or a bird; but it is not their regular way of feeding. They suck the blood of their victims.

"You remember the Amsterdam salamander?" inquired Mr. Jamrach. Of course I did. Was I likely to have forgotten that strange creature? Did not I pat the salamander, and smooth him down, proud in my own conceit that in after-time I might boast how I had seen and touched that mysterious beast? It is a pity I should destroy a pretty illusion which may be lighting up the imagination of the reader. Did the salamander burn me? Did he live in a furnace? Did his eyes dart fire? Oh no, none of it. The Japanese salamander is a sort of huge water-newt, without scales, slimy to touch, like an eel. His natural food is fish, and if thrown into furnace flames, after the manner of the fabled salamander, he would find himself very much out of his element. I learned that, subsequently to my visit to Amsterdam, the solitary salamander touched by me is cheered by the presence of another—come all the way from Japan to keep him company.

"By-the-by, I'll tell you an anecdote of that fellow," said Mr. Jamrach. "Salamanders exist nowhere except in Japan, and even there they are scarce. Still, a Dutch medical man, some time resident in Japan, was fortunate enough to collect eight of them—a little fortune, if by chance he should succeed in bringing them alive to Europe. With traveling salamanders, as with invading armies, the commissariat is the chief difficulty. Picture to yourself creatures requiring fresh-water fish, and plenty of them, all the way from Japan! To provide a tiger's daily meat all the way from Bengal is not the easiest matter; but it must be a trifle less in comparison with the difficulties of the Dutch doctor. Well, to sea they went, doctor, fresh fish, and salamanders. Whether the voyage was longer than usual, or the salamanders' appetites waxed sharp under change of air, I don't know. One by one the fish were appropriated, and the salamanders began to make signs for more. What was to be done? Only one thing, and I grieve to narrate it. Salamandrine cannibalism was resolved upon. Salamander number one first fell under the commissariat knife, and, being distributed in parts, his former companions ate him. Salamander number two next shared a similar fate, and others subsequently, up to number seven inclusive. Land, however, hove in sight, and fresh fish were soon procurable; so salamander number eight found his way in safety to Amsterdam."

I must really gossip no longer, particularly as I hope to visit Mr. Jamrach's college again. Let me conclude by telling any lady who may desire such a beast as a pet rhinoceros, that she must be prepared to give some twenty-five hundred dollars for the same. Should her tastes incline to the possession of a tiger, the lady may at times, when the tiger-market is glutted, procure one for—say five hundred dollars, cash down; no discount, and no abatement. But I am informed that fifteen hundred dollars is a far more probable sum. As regards lions, they are somewhat cheaper, I believe; but if any fair reader wishes to have a lap-lion, I will make it my business to inquire for her.

COMMON SENSE.

SHE came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretense;
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered, mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
And, when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long and reasoned loud
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious;
While she, poor child! could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And *Common Sense* should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

PAUL DRAYTON'S CHARM.

IT was a very warm day in July. The streets were quiet, parched, deserted; the city was out of town; only those whose business or poverty was imperative dared admit, by personal presence, that they were not at Newport, Niagara, or Saratoga.

Among the last was Paul Drayton, a young physician, struggling his way to that doubtful fortune that sometimes, after many years of toil and deprivation in the midst of a great city, rewards the skillful practitioner.

Paul Drayton was twenty-seven. Five years had he fought his battle against poverty and bigotry. Slowly, year by year, he had added to the number of his friends and patients; but not among that class who could pour wealth and fame into his hands; blessings and praises were his in abundance, but Paul Drayton remained poor. Night after night had he plotted and planned with his young wife. They had built castles together, and with a laugh had watched them topple over on their heads. They were brave hearts; but the years swept away and there came no change, and Paul viewed with an unquiet gaze his increasing family and stationary income.

"I doubt, Lizzie," he would say to his wife, "my ability to rise, when I see all those who started with me now above me—those whom I know in my own heart are my inferiors. How should I feel but as a fatalist, who looks upon himself as one of the foredoomed?"

"No, no, Paul! not so hard upon the great Wisdom; let us rather look upon the world as the fools, who are more easily led by ignorance than by good sense. Courage, Paul; the years will soon fly over, and I shall yet see you Professor Drayton, spurning any thing less than a hundred-dollar fee."

The little wife laughed, and Paul smiled for sympathy. Over their frugal breakfast had they been talking; and now Paul rose—"Away, again," said he, "to sit like a spider in my web and watch for flies. Good-by, Lizzie. I hope one of those hundred-dollar customers will come along to-day. Good-by, babies"—and Paul strode away to his office. He sat over his desk, pen in hand:

"Sixty-five dollars for the month of June. I am growing rich. Fifteen dollars per week, of which six only goes for house and office rent, leaving the princely sum of nine dollars to feed and clothe five persons. How long will it be till I save enough to retire? Five years of my life have gone, and I am so much nearer the mark than before"—and Drayton took from his pocket ten little golden dollars, and spread them over the desk. "Ten dollars, which is exactly two dollars per annum!"

"For the love of God, young gentleman, give me something to buy food!"

Drayton turned quickly, to see a tall, gaunt woman, of apparently seventy, standing by his side. Her large, bony hand grasped a stick, and hair, almost of a silvery whiteness, straggled out from under a woolen hood. Drayton gathered up the coin he had so lavishly displayed, and replaced it in his pocket. There was a greedy glare in the eye of the old woman, and a look of physical strength about her, that naturally hastened such an act. He turned his chair and looked upon her. "Here," thought he, "is a real case of poverty, to whom my sixty-five dollars per month would be wealth; to her the pittance that lies in my pocket would bring weeks of happiness. Why should I not give it to her? Will not her blessing bring to me more than I can receive in its outlay?"

The woman stood motionless, gazing into his eyes as though she read every thought, and but waited the realization.

"But no," argued Drayton; "should I give her such a sum it would but lead her to extravagance—more money, perhaps, than she has possessed for years. I will give her part.

With this he placed in her hand a golden dollar. The eyes of the woman glistened. For a moment she looked doubtingly; then, closing her hand quickly, found some mysterious opening in her dress as a receptacle for it. Without a word of thanks she hurried away, followed by the astonished eyes of Paul Drayton, who expected a shower of blessings for his liberality.

It was plain enough. The woman believed she had received the coin in mistake; and in her anxiety to get away before discovery forgot her thanks.

It was, as I have said, a very warm day, and Paul Drayton sat by his desk and thought. He thought time was slipping away, and he wearing into the best years of his life; he thought of his educated tastes, which every day were to be smothered, because poverty forbade their indulgence; he thought of the sweet wife at home, toiling and uncomplaining; and he thought, why should he not better himself by some bold, even if unprofessional, step? Why should he not see his name at the head of an advertisement of "Drayton's Invigorator and Dying Man's Preservative," or "Drayton's Life Pill?" Why should he care whether the Academy approved, as long as wealth resulted. He saw the sellers of "Magnetic Pills," and the "retired physicians, whose sands of life had nearly run out," riding in their carriages and building palaces. Could he not do the same? If the people wanted cannabis indicus, opium, and chloroform, let the people have it; and Paul took from his desk the material to compound a medicine that should astonish a world, and bring him wealth boundless as his desires.

"A stimulant! All the world wants stimulating. Mankind knoweth not half his powers. Stimulants will call it out," said Paul, as he mixed the opium and cannabis indicus. "Chloroform for dilution; it is revivifying," and he poured in the liquid ether. "Drayton's Revivifying Elixir. One Dollar per Bottle. The very smell will raise the dead," and Paul, with pestle and mortar, rubbed together the ingredients that were to form his wonder-working compound. As the aroma of the chloroform rose about him and filled the room, Paul rubbed away, making

"——the gruel thick and slab;"

and with every rub rubbed away his dread of the Academy of Medicine. Visions of gold danced through his head. He would be a second Swaim, or Brandreth, the patron of the press, the spender of half a million per annum in advertising. The name of Drayton should be heard over the earth. How delicious the perfume of the chloroform! How the compounder would be blessed! A slight noise at his elbow made him turn; and again the old woman stood by him.

"Good gentleman," said she, "you gave me this moment a coin of gold."

He nodded assent.

"I thought," she went on, "that you might have given it in mistake. My first impulse was to benefit by this error; my second, to return and ask if you knew the value of your gift."

"It is yours," answered Drayton. "I knew its value when I gave it."

The woman's eye wandered from Drayton about the room. "You do not look as though you were rich," she said, as if the remark were more to herself than to him.

"No," he answered, smiling; "I am not rich. I am perhaps poorer, in proportion to my wants, than yourself."

"Strange," she muttered, "strange; the millionaire, who can not count his wealth, refuses me copper; the poor laborer gives me gold!"

"There is nothing strange, my good woman, in this. So goes all the world. When I am possessed of a thousand, I shall wish to make it ten; when I have ten, I shall struggle for a hundred."

"Yes, most true. You are, I see, a philosopher—a student of human nature." She spoke as though she was alone. "Why should I not? He is a physician; to me it has only brought sorrow and trouble. Why should I not? Am I not accursed before God and man? Look!" she continued, staring vacantly at Drayton, and stripping her long arm to the shoulder. He started. Before him stood a most terrible case of leprosy! Never before had he seen the disease, but in a moment he knew it.

"Yes," she said, "start! I am one of those wretches for whom your skill has no healing. I have wandered over the broad earth for aid; I have spent wealth which would have made my age luxurious in seeking it; but here I stand—seventy-eight years are upon me—and your dollar all I possess in the world."

Drayton slipped the other nine into her hand.

"This is madness!" she muttered. "Madness, surely! No sane man would act thus!" She turned the coin over, looking at Drayton, and biting her lip till the blood started.

"Did you not say you were poor?" answered he. "Do I not see you are unable to labor? You have now my earnings for five years. Take them—you are welcome. I have health and strength; I owe nothing. They are yours, freely."

The woman walked backward and forward across the room for a few minutes. A smile of triumph came over her face. "Yes," she said, "I will take them; they will save me. I can be healed yet!" She made a sudden movement to the door, but stopped and looked toward Drayton. "Yes! yes! he should have it; it is for him. Here!" she continued, coming forward, and unfastening her shawl, "I shall give you what is greater than all wealth; to me it is nothing—to you it is wealth, fame, and happiness."

While speaking she drew from her neck a little bag, made, apparently, from a scrap of oiled silk, where it had hung by a black cord. "Take this," she said, "take this! My father was a Norwegian; this was given him by a *drange*, a midnight spectre, on the peak of the Hallingskarre. It will cure all disease when placed in the right hand of the sick or dying. While there is life you can save. It will only be powerless upon yourself. Take it!"

Drayton looked smilingly upon the little dirty bag that lay upon his desk, and turning to it, undrew the mouth, and commenced to examine its contents. A single bit of parchment of about four inches was all. This was scrawled over with a number of irregular characters, written in red, and a seal in the centre, of the same color, looking as though it had been impressed with the end of the naked finger.

"Runic, I suppose?" he said, aloud, and turned to the woman for a response. She was gone!

Drayton threw the bag carelessly into a drawer of the desk, with, "Crazy! I thought she had something wild-looking about her. Some quack will get my ten dollars; and that will be the end of all the good it will do her. However," he continued, opening the drawer, "I shall take the bag home; it will be a droll story to tell Lizzie, and she must see the charm." With this he put the oil-silk bag in his pocket.

Over his supper Paul told the story of the old woman, and displayed the bag. Lizzie took it very unwillingly in her fingers, giving it a suspicious look—not on account of the charm, but a reasonable doubt as to its cleanliness. She turned it about, and, looking inquiringly at Paul, nodded toward the window, which was significant to saying "Throw it in the street!"

"Oh no," said Paul, "I must keep it to show; it will be an illustration of my story."

"Your story, Sir," responded Lizzie, "I think will tell bad—that a poor fellow, with a wife and three children, gave ten dollars, the last he had in the world, to a traveling beggar woman. That ten dollars would almost have bought me the silk dress you have been promising these three years."

Paul pocketed the bag and the reproof together, and stopped Lizzie's mouth with a kiss.

"I do not know," she said, going to the bedside, "what is the matter with Jennie to-day. She has not seemed well; she would eat no supper."

The father approached the bedside and looked at little Jennie, a fair, blue-eyed child of three years. She was feverish. He felt her pulse.

"She has eaten something that has disagreed with her. She will be well in the morning."

In an hour or two Jennie began to toss restlessly in bed, and soon she was seized with violent retchings. An attack of infant cholera morbus—that rapid and fatal summer enemy of children—was upon her. Every thing that the father's skill could suggest was tried; the aid of another physician was called at the last moment—he could do nothing better than had been done; and the first dawn of morning saw the weeping parents standing by their little one, watching, every moment expecting its last breath.

Oh, Superstition! where hast thou not thy votaries? Who is there can stand before the world and say he is not, in some one thing, thy slave? Drayton thought of the old woman's gift, the bag.

No! no! It was horrible, in such a moment, to dream of the thing; that which he viewed only as a joke—as the lunacy or craft of an old beggar; he would not think of it! And yet what harm could arise from it? He knew it could not save his darling, but it could not injure her. He looked at Lizzie. Did she divine his thought? No, he would not use the bag; he would not disgrace himself before her. Disgrace! what was disgrace if he could save his child? Lizzie knelt by the side of the bed, and buried her face in her hands. Yes, she knew his thoughts, and had taken this mode to save his feelings, and give him a chance to try the charm. He would! In a moment the little bag was in the child's right hand. In the agonies of her sickness the hand was tightly shut, and Paul felt as he forced it open as though he were violating the sanctity of death. He kissed the pale forehead of his child, and again resumed his chair by the bedside.

In a few minutes Jennie stirred. He sprang to his feet. She opened her eyes. A deadly, choking sensation of hope for an instant paralyzed him. No, it could not be! It was only the revival before death. The little one's eyes turned from father to mother. "Papa—mamma," she murmured, "Jennie's very dry." Both sprang for the drink—Paul, with an entire prayer uttered in the words, "O God!" and Lizzie, with a strange cry of joy.

Jennie was raised, and took a good drink, and then pushing away the bowl, said, "Jennie's very tired." In a few moments she had dropped away in a sweet sleep. All had gone, save the weakness consequent on the attack; and the mother and father mingled together their tears. Paul covered little Jennie, and in doing so removed the oil-silk bag from the bed, where she had dropped it on rising to drink.

Paul carried it to a far window of the room, and looked upon it in the gray morning light. What strange mystery was this? Was it merely chance, or did this bit of parchment possess the mighty power claimed for it by the old woman? Oh, shame, Paul Drayton, he thought. You, the man of mind and education, rejecting the mercies of Heaven, and offering for a moment to believe in the unnatural tales of an old leprous beggar! Open the window and sling the accursed thing away from you! No, urged Superstition; perhaps, yes. Perhaps what? Perhaps there may be something in it. I shall give it another trial!

Paul returned to the bed. Jennie was sleeping sweetly; Lizzie was watching by her side; and Paul put the bag in his pocket.

Reason goes but little way against facts. Paul knew that his child was dying, and that no skill of man could raise her, and yet in a few moments she had struggled out of the very arms of death, and now only wanted rest to be the same as ever; and each time as he thought of this he would quietly draw the charm from his pocket and look upon it.

The breakfast was late next morning, for Lizzie lay long sleeping, with little Jennie in her arms; and great was the joy of the parents when they saw their sick babe of the night before propped up in her high chair, nibbling at a bit of toast. Almost was Paul about to make it a holiday, but the thought of the charm, and his anxiety to try it, took him away. It was almost mid-day as he left for his office; the sun poured down its hottest rays, and Paul luxuriated in an umbrella, and pitied a stout gentleman plodding along in front of him without one. The stout gentleman stopped to remove his hat and wipe the perspiration from the bald spot on the top of his head. While engaged in this operation the stout gentleman seemed to stagger, clapped his hand to his eyes, and down he went before Paul could reach him. He was rather too heavy for Paul to pick up by himself; he was, therefore, obliged to remain content with holding the umbrella over his head, and calling for aid, which soon came in the shape of a couple of sturdy Irishmen, from a building just being erected close by. They took up the old gentleman and bore him to a drug-store on the corner, where, Paul announcing himself as a physician, every thing was offered and used for the old gentleman's benefit. It was useless; he had received a severe stroke of the sun, and, being of a heavy habit, could not rally. The druggist looked at the old gentleman, then at Paul, and said, "Dead!"

"No," said Paul; "not yet, the artery beats. Good Heavens," he thought, "the charm! Why did I not think?" In a moment he had the little back room, where the old gentleman was carried, cleared. And hastily scratching a prescription which he pretended he wished to try, sent the druggist out to compound it. He then slipped the bag into the old gentleman's hand. The druggist was back in a minute with the mixture, and Paul dropped a trifle between the lips of the dying man. In a very few moments he opened his eyes, and setting them on the now frightened druggist, asked where he was. That gentleman responded by handing his card, which the old gentleman sat up and took, dropping at the same time the bag, which Paul very quietly pocketed, rather doubtful himself whether he was not possessed of some of the works of the devil.

"I believe I am indebted to you for my life," said the old gentleman to the druggist.

"No, no!" said that not yet composed person; "not to me; there is the one who saved you; and a most extraordinary thing too, to bring a dead man to life with a few drops of aqua ammonia and aqua puræ."

The old gentleman by this time had got upon his feet, and advanced toward Drayton with hand outstretched, which Paul heartily grasped. In a few moments a carriage was called, and, handing Paul a card bearing the name of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, invited him to extend his attentions so much farther as to accompany him to his house. As it was in a professional light, Paul readily consented, and escorted his patient safely to his home, where he advised his immediate retirement to rest and sleep. The old gentleman shook his hand affectionately at parting, charging him to call next day, and by the same grasp transferring a bank-note to Drayton's palm. When he reached the street he opened the deposit, and found the first of the hundred-dollar fees that Lizzie had promised him. Paul was astounded. Here was an investment. Ten dollars one day returning a hundred the next. He hurried through the street, clutching his hand tightly over the pocket which contained the bag. At last he had something to lose, something to guard. Visions of wealth, boundless as the sea, rolled in on him; his fancy already had ensconced Lizzie and the children in a double brown stone house; in a few minutes more he had settled the style of his liveries, and concluded in what banks he should keep account. He would not waste time, he must now make money; five years of his life were gone for nothing; every day must tell its story; and he drew from his pocket the hundred-dollar bill and gazed again upon it with admiring eyes. All that day sat Paul in the office dreaming over what should be his course in his newly-acquired power. He had yet to tell all to Lizzie. Ah! there's the point; should he tell all? He would not be in a hurry about it. Wait a little. Women are fickle; women love to talk; women—women—well, what are women? Why, women are women. True; so Paul concluded he would wait. It was the first thing he had ever concealed from Lizzie; and that evening when he went home there was a guilty feeling about him which he had never experienced before. When he told Lizzie the story of the hundred-dollar fee he did not tell her the great secret of it, and her womanly instinct told her there was something wrong, but she said nothing. Though notwithstanding the knowledge of possessing more money than they had been in control of at one time since they had been married, and that Paul had told her, "Now she should have that silk dress right away, to-morrow," yet Lizzie was not happy. And though Paul walked about the room and whistled, and tried to persuade himself that it was better to have it so for a while—just for a while—yet Paul was not happy. Paul thought it must be the weather, it was so oppressively hot. And then when Lizzie came to him, with just the least bit of a tear struggling in her eye, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him, and, looking in his face, seemed to say, "Dear Paul, tell me every thing," then his resolution was staggered, and he thought he would make a clean breast of it; but Lizzie did not say the very words, and so Paul made no confession.

Oh, this first fatal error of those who are sworn to love and confidence! It is like the first step in crime, it gathers force as it proceeds, and is only checked by total ruin, or by disgrace and distrust, that years of truth and probity scarcely fail to remove. No permanent trouble can exist between husband and wife where there has been entire confidence on both sides. Love is ever forgiving, and though they err for the hundredth time, yet will the heart be open to receive, and the answer to the confession, "No matter for the past, let the future retrieve it."

There was more about this charm than merely its healing properties. So thought Paul Drayton as he sat in his office next day, when a breathless servant entered to summon him to immediate attendance on her lady—a lady whom the young physician knew immediately, on hearing the name, to be one of the most aristocratic leaders of *ton*. Her house was near, and, as the servant explained, "She had been took very bad with bleeding, and the whole room was covered with blood." When Paul arrived, he found a young and beautiful woman, in the last effort of life, bleeding from a ruptured blood-vessel. Paul saw at once there was no hope, and saying so to her weeping friends, advised them to send immediately for their family physician. He had been sent for, but the messenger had not yet returned. Paul stood painfully affected, holding the pulse of the dying lady, and asking the circumstances of the occurrence. A flood of passion and anger at an erring servant was the cause. Soon came the regular medical attendant of the family, who advanced to the lady, merely glancing at Paul, and, taking her pulse, pronounced it too late—nothing could be done.

"Do you give her up, doctor?" said Paul, respectfully. The doctor was one of the magnates of the profession, whom Paul in his most triumphant visions of success never thought of meeting in consultation.

"Ah! yes, yes," said the great man, looking at Paul through his glasses as though he was looking at some casual picture to which he was obliged to give attention; "I don't see that any thing can be done."

"I will try," said Paul, quietly, "to stop the bleeding."

The great physician merely looked again at Paul through his glasses, with an expression that seemed to say, "What impudent rascal is this, who dares put his opinion in opposition to mine?" So tyrannical is the force of habit, that Paul, to the moment of making this observation to the great doctor, had forgotten the possession of the bag—that which for hours previous had absorbed every thought. Now that he was brought into the chamber of the sick, the old practice came back upon him, and only the remedies that education suggested came to his mind. The charm was forgotten. Now it flashed upon his mind. If in this case it was successful, no longer could he be a doubter.

The last spark of life was trembling in the fair lady's frame when Paul stepped to her side and raised her listless hand. The great doctor walked about the room, holding his handkerchief, and seeming to say to it, "What is to become of the profession when such quiet, plain-dressed men as this are suffered to come into great families and give an opinion?"

Paul, unnoticed, held the bag in the lady's palm, pretending to examine her pulse. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed when the blood ceased to pass from her mouth, and she opened her eyes. In a few minutes more she looked at Drayton, and said, "Doctor, I dreamed I was dead."

The great doctor started; it was the first intimation he had received of her recovery. He had been too busily conversing with his handkerchief to notice any thing else. "Good Heavens! what a wonderful recovery!" he ejaculated. "Extraordinary constitution, to recover from such an attack!"

Paul held up his finger for silence. The great doctor strode away in disgust.

In a short time the charm was softly withdrawn, and the lady lifted by Paul to the bed, where she soon dropped away to a comfortable sleep. The young physician then withdrew, after seeing the great doctor away before him, and charging the attendants to let nobody interfere with his patient, or give her any thing until he returned.

In the afternoon Drayton was with her again, when she awakened from her sleep. She blessed him with her eyes. He had forbidden her to speak. She took his hand, and before Paul was aware of her intention raised it to her lips, and drawing from her finger a valuable ring slipped it on his. This was a style of professional fee he had never yet received, and he scarcely knew what to do, but on the first appearance of an attempt on his part to replace it on its original finger, the look of the lady deterred him and he retained the costly gift.

As Paul went home that evening he glanced again and again at the magnificent ring and thought of the lady. He thought how beautiful she was. "Ah! why did I marry so early in life? If I had waited until now, wealth and position would have followed my marriage. I could have chosen from the highest and the proudest." And then how his heart chid him; it was his first treasonable thought toward Lizzie, that sweet wife who had struggled with him through poverty and humbleness. Why should he now wish to deny her reward, when he saw before him wealth and greatness? Again Paul entered his home with constraint. He felt when giving the ring to Lizzie as though it were dishonestly obtained. And when Lizzie looked in his eyes, burst into tears, and returned him the gem, saying, "Keep it, Paul, wear it yourself!" Paul determined next day to settle the matter by selling the bauble, and using the money for her and the children's benefit. Never before had Drayton spent such an evening at home—never before had he felt that what lay heaviest on his own mind could not be transferred to Lizzie's, that they might bear the load between them. He walked nervously about the room, and finally took his hat and hurried away into the street. Paul felt the cool air upon his heated face, but it could not quench the fire in his heart. There was but one thought in his brain—money, money! He must be rich—he must be rich, and why should he tell any one how he acquired his wealth—was not his profession a cloak to this?

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried a little weak voice at his side.

"What is the matter," said Paul, rather sternly, turning to see a little barefoot child running by him.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" was the answer.

"Why don't you speak?" shouted Paul. He knew he was not speaking in his natural way, but then he was nervous. "And why didn't the child answer him?"

"Oh father, father!" sobbed the child.

"Where?" said Paul; "what's the matter with your father?"

"Dying!" gasped the girl, pointing down the street.

"Come," said Paul, "I will go with you."

"I was sent for a doctor," answered the child.

"I am a doctor," replied Paul, and for the first time he thought, "This does not seem like a very promising patient."

The child trotted on before and ushered Paul into a cellar, where, upon the floor, his head supported by a straw pillow, lay a man, bloated and blue-faced, in a fit from drunkenness; the other inmates of the cellar were a pale-faced, consumptive-looking woman and three crying children.

Paul looked a moment at the man, and then turning to the woman, bade her silence the children and he would do what he could: he gave him the proper remedies and stood waiting to see their effects. The woman, who had quieted the children, returned to gaze upon her beastly husband, and Paul drew from her the following particulars of her life: She had married this man while she was very young, in opposition to all her friends. He was then wild and dissipated, and had grown worse each year, until he had reduced himself to the present degraded state. She had lost all care for him, but feared to leave him, as he had threatened in case she did so to kill her on the first opportunity, and she declared in a flood of tears that she knew he would. Could she leave him, her parents, who were still living, would again receive her and her children; but as long as she remained with him they could not. In truth, she would not ask their assistance. It would only aggravate her position. This was the woman's story. And now, Paul Drayton, where is your charm? The bloated drunkard, the false father, the brutal husband, lies there dying on the floor, and all the skill of your craft can not save him. You know it too, Paul Drayton. You know he can not be saved but by the charm. Why should you not? Is one human life more valuable than another? Is this drunkard less in the eye of God than the beautiful lady or the wealthy merchant? Who made thee, Paul Drayton, the arbiter of life and death? Do you remember the oath of Hippocrates? Save this dying wretch. "No," said Paul Drayton, "let him die!"

And he died!

Paul Drayton went forth that night from the cellar and looked again upon the stars a different man. He had taken in his own hands that which the Great Power hath said belongeth only to Him. Reason and argument could not acquit him in his own conscience. And he returned to his home only to feel that if he had concealed from Lizzie a portion of his secret he must now conceal from her all. The gulf widened between them.

Doctor Drayton was attaining reputation. His cures did not long remain hidden. They were in the mouths of the great. And soon he emerged from his little shabby office in a by-street to a brilliant suit of rooms upon a great and fashionable thoroughfare. Lizzie clung to her humble home as long as possible, but the family of the rapidly rising physician could not remain in obscurity. They must go into society. No lack now of silk dresses. Paul has a carriage, we were about to say a brougham, and the brilliant young doctor is sought beyond his power of reciprocation. Wealth rolls in; but a shade is upon the face and upon the heart of Paul Drayton. He is no longer happy. He has thrown off all his old patients, all the poor. He has not time now for charity calls. The bright, the beautiful, the gay, the rich, come to Dr. Drayton. He sits in his sumptuous office and receives them with gravity and hauteur. His secretary takes the fees. It is only those of the great who can not come to Dr. Drayton upon whom he will call. Lizzie has become a fashionable woman of society. She tells the doctor that she feels every day of her life that she was intended for this, she is so admired, so flattered. There are no more quiet dinners and suppers; no more evenings to themselves. Lizzie is always engaged. The doctor's friends congratulate him on his beautiful and gay wife. And Lizzie comes from her balls and parties too wearied to tell Paul what has been said, and what has been done. Paul hears it, however, from kind friends, and Paul does not feel easy. Lizzie calls him now "Drayton," or "Doctor," no longer "Paul." The children Paul sees seldom; they are in the hands of their *bonne*, or their governess, and when Paul has an interview it is a stately one. He is now a great doctor; it will not do to unbend even before servants. Paul loses few patients—very few. But—ah!—but he must lose some or there would be suspicion. Oh! Paul Drayton, the charm! the charm! If it saves one, it saves all. Remember the poor drunkard on the cellar floor. "Oh yes; but that is so long ago." Paul Drayton has become inured to this. He must not save all. This power that rests with him is a mighty one, and he uses it with the best judgment.

He does? Then Paul Drayton goes into the highways and by-ways, and seeks out the poor and forlorn; he makes no difference between them and the rich. Is this so? But why does he lose any patients?

Paul Drayton goes not into the highways and by-ways; his mission lies among the rich and great. Paul Drayton could not save all; if he did, suspicion would attach to his wonderful success, and *all* good be lost.

All wrong—all wrong! Paul Drayton, this is a gift that should not be in the hand of man. Surrender unto God the power that belongs to him alone. Destroy the charm.

No, no! Paul Drayton must keep the charm; he must save; he must have wealth. The charm was given into his hand without restriction. He will keep it.

Keep it!

How wonderfully the world prospered with Dr. Drayton! Now he had houses and lands; now he had carriage and horses; now he had bank-stock and bank accounts; now he looked into the papers to see whether Erie and Central stock had fallen or risen; now Lizzie had silks and satins, diamonds and damask, rosewood and magnificence. No dinners surpassed Dr. Drayton's; no parties equaled Mrs. Drayton's. But where were the smiles, where the dreamy looks from Lizzie's eyes that, now no more seen, were to Paul better than thousands? Where were Lizzie's tears? Mrs. Drayton did not cry any more, save for vexation at the failure of a mantua-maker or milliner to please her. Mrs. Drayton now could talk to her guests of the folly of embarking freely in the ordinary affairs of the world. Mrs. Drayton became a patron of great charitable societies, and her name was seen in the newspapers. But Mrs. Drayton was never seen among the lowly and humble. Mrs. Drayton did not encourage beggary.

Paul was too busy to go with his wife into society. Occasionally he accompanied her, but not by her own persuasion. Mrs. Drayton had become sufficiently fashionable to believe in a wife being free from the surveillance of the husband. She had no hesitation in avowing this to Paul. Good-natured friends told him pointedly that he ought to accompany Mrs. D. more. Paul did not understand. One who signed herself a "Friend," by an anonymous letter, called his attention to the fact that Mrs. D. was seen rather too much with a certain *roue* in the streets, and in public places. Paul burned the letter. He would as soon have doubted the truth of his charm as Lizzie. One evening, seated in his office until a late hour, there came over him a dullness unusual, and without cause he rose and rang for a servant, who was instructed to go to Mrs. Drayton and say to her the Doctor wished her.

The servant returned to say Mrs. Drayton had gone to a party at Mr. S——'s. Paul remembered he had promised to add his own presence to his wife, but having forgotten it, Lizzie had not brought it to his memory. He would go; the carriage was ordered. An hour afterward Paul Drayton entered the house where he expected to meet his wife. She passed up the rooms as he advanced to greet the host, but did not see her husband. It was with a slight spasm of pain that Paul saw her leaning on the arm of the man against whom the anonymous letter had warned him. It was gone in a moment. Gerald Morton might be a *roue*, but he was a friend of Paul Drayton. No man could abuse the confidence of his friend; so Paul argued, but not satisfyingly. He watched Lizzie and Morton, and still tried to persuade himself that he did not. Why did not Paul advance to her? Why did he rather seek the shade of a curtain, and sit, half-hidden, in the conservatory? Lizzie was pleased with the words of Morton. She never gave her husband those looks now. Could she love him? Oh no; Paul would not think of such a thing, coupled with the name of Lizzie Drayton. See, they come toward him. They have seen him. No—they come to seat themselves on the ottoman near Paul. Why does he crowd closer behind the curtain? Does he mistrust? Listen!

"Drayton may be a very good man, but does he fill the requirements of a spirit like yours?" said Morton, as they seated themselves. "Can he, the dull, plodding, methodical man, absorbed in his profession, know the spiritual wants, the cravings of your heart?"

"Drayton is no longer what he was," sighed the lady. "Once he knew no world but myself. We were poor, and he brought to my feet all his hopes and sorrows, and shared with me all his benefits. Now he brings me only his sorrows; his joys, if he has any, he keeps to himself."

"Oh that it had been my lot to have met a spirit like yours untrammeled! What homage could I have offered! The world has nothing to give me now but this! I have wealth, position, youth, and talent; under such guidance I could become great!"

Paul Drayton clutched the curtain; the world seemed passing from under him. Could it be that Lizzie—his wife—could sit and listen to this!

"Mr. Morton, you are young enough to find one who will yet meet your heart's requirements, and who will be untrammeled to respond to them."

"No, Lizzie [Lizzie! oh Heavens, he called her Lizzie!], not on this earth! To you only I can look for this. Only say you love me! Say but this word, and I can be happy!" He caught her hand, which she allowed him to retain.

"Gerald [again Paul Drayton clutched the curtain and groaned], I love you, but I am the wife of another; and, however much I love you, that love can never be other than it is."

"Lizzie, listen to me. In one week I leave this country for Europe. Say but the single word, and your children shall be with you, and in the—"

They rose and passed away. Staggering like one struck with sudden blindness, Paul Drayton reached the street and his home. The last hope, the last stay was taken from under him. What was his wealth to him now—what his fame? The pure heart that, in the days of his poverty, he could pour all his own into, had passed away from him. He had no longer a wife. Better had she died in the days when she was his own Lizzie than lived to this. What should he do? Should he meet her upon her return, upbraid her, curse her? Or should he leave her to her own willful course—let her go to that ruin to which she was fast hurrying? Should he seek to win her back? No! she was no longer worthy of it. He paced his rooms; he bit the flesh from his finger ends till the blood started; he rang for light. "More light!—wine!—throw open the windows!" He threw off his coat—"Hot! hot! my brain burns!"

Was this the calm, quiet Paul Drayton, like a maniac, striding through the rooms to the speechless terror of the servant he had summoned? Could this be the great doctor, tearing coat, vest, and cravat away, and calling for wine?

Yes! Paul Drayton—the man of uncounted wealth—the man whose great triumphs in physic had reached a world.

But what is the matter with Paul Drayton? Why does he stop so suddenly by the light? Why does he look at his arm; and why has the color gone from his cheek? Why that bloodless lip?

Yes, Paul Drayton, it is so; that dark skin gathering on your arm is what you suspect. The charm! the charm, Doctor!—from the charm! Ha, ha! well may you shriek. It is leprosy! From the charm, Doctor! The charm carries the infection. But the charm has no power to cure one who has wielded it.

"A letter—from whom? What is it? Read—I can not see."

"A message from Mr. S——:

"'Mrs. Drayton has gone away with Gerald Morton—'"

There was one long groan and a heavy fall, and Paul's next consciousness found him stretched upon a sofa, and several very familiar faces looking down upon him. Lizzie's was the first he recognized.

"Oh, Lizzie!" he gasped. "Then it is not true—is it? You did not go off with Gerald Morton?"

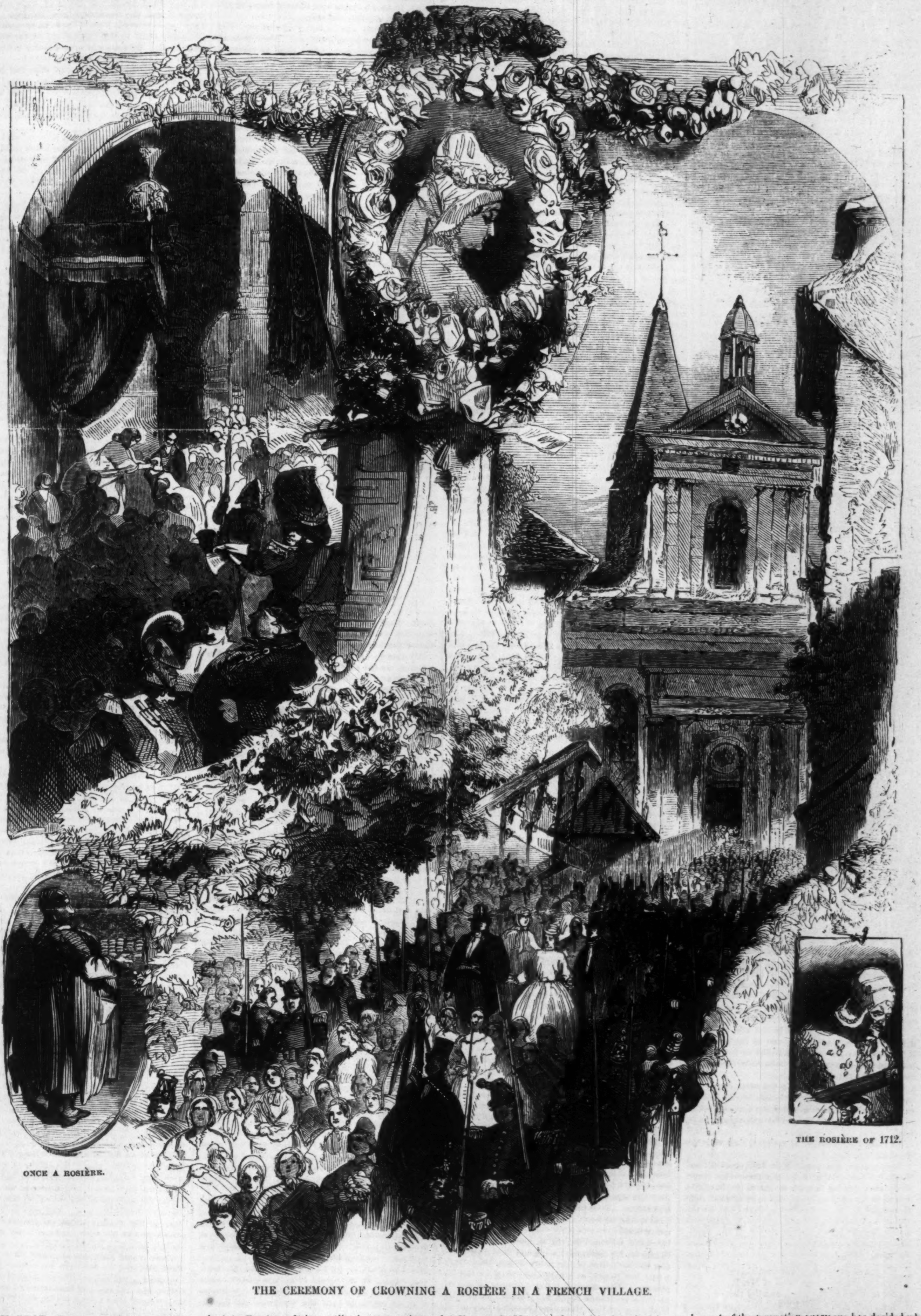
"Gerald Morton! who is that, Paul? What are you talking of? Here have you been frightening us all to death; and but for good Mrs. Smith you might have killed yourself."

"That's true, Doctor," chimed in another familiar face—the old lady from whom Paul hired his furnished office. "I heard a great noise, and I took the liberty of looking in, and found you raving round like, and breaking things. So I jist sent off for Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Drayton, while I and this ere gentleman held you quiet for a while."

Paul shook hands with Dr. Wilson. The Doctor merely remarked that "the effects of chloroform were very singular, and no reliance could be placed on its action." Paul looked around on all the familiar furnishings of his old office, and upon Lizzie, and thought so too. And then he slipped his hand gently into his pocket and felt for the charm, which he did not find; and again for the golden dollars, of which he did find nine.

Some years have passed away since then, and Paul Drayton is now the successful physician. He bids fair yet to know the meaning of a hundred-dollar fee. Lizzie has luxuriated in many a silk dress; and Paul drives a gig, and is one of the severest disciplinarians of the Academy against vendors and makers of patent medicines. Yet Paul is slightly inclined to think that there was something in that Vision of Chloroform; and that the old beggar would confess, if ever he could find her, that she possessed some little powers of witchcraft.

THE ROSIÈRE OF 1858.



ONCE A ROSIÈRE.

THE ROSIÈRE OF 1712.

THE CEREMONY OF CROWNING A ROSIÈRE IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

HOW GOOD GIRLS ARE REWARDED IN FRANCE.

WE herewith give an illustration of one of the most interesting social institutions in France—the crowning of a *rosière*.

Many of our readers may be unacquainted with the custom. It is of the highest antiquity, and prevails very generally throughout the rural districts of the Empire. It has outlived many a reign and many a régime. *Rosières* were crowned before the great monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, was born; *rosières* are still crowned, in the same way, and for the like reasons, under the sway of the Emperor Napoleon the Third.

A *rosière* is the young woman who has proved herself the "best girl" of her parish, commune, or village. Once a year, in many rural districts in France, the Mayor and municipal authorities are called upon to decide what unmarried girl in the parish or village has proved herself kindest, best, and truest. They are bound to make a selection. They may take evidence. But in small communities the virtues and failings of every member of society are so notorious that the judges, on the *rosière* question, seldom need the aid of witnesses. Long before the day arrives for the solemn ceremony of the coronation every one has decided who deserves the honor, and the pressure of public opinion is such that the authorities can seldom practice any unfairness. Once or twice instances have been known of young ladies obtaining the crown of *rosière* through the mistaken kindness of relatives in authority. But on such occasions the public dissent from the official verdict has been so decided as to render the honor decidedly unenviable; and, in general, it may be said that the decisions of the authorities are impartial.

As the qualities which entitle a young lady to be crowned *rosière* are goodness of heart and intelligence only, neither beauty nor rank are of any avail in procuring the much-desired honor. Indeed, as it happens in France (of course no such rule obtains in the United States) that young ladies who are beautiful or rich seldom condescend to enhance their attractions by a display of extraordinary kindness and amiability, it is a rare occurrence that the *rosière* is either lovely or of high station. Generally speaking, the chosen fair one is plain and poor; the daughter of some poor workman, famed only for her gentleness to her equals in life, her assiduity in tending the sick, and her readiness to give up her own enjoyments in order to minister to the comforts or happiness of others.

The rule is that no girl can be twice crowned *rosière*. This is no absolute rule; there is no law on the subject. It is rather—like our rule against the second re-election of the same person to the Presidency—a deduction from practice than a product of principle. In fact, as no married woman can be crowned *rosière*, there is seldom a possibility of crowning the same person twice; the *éclat* reflected on a lady by her coronation as *rosière* is sure to secure her a choice of husbands before the year is out. A young French farmer is prouder of being able to say that his wife was a *rosière* than of winning a rich dowry with her.

In itself, the coronation of a *rosière* is an honorary distinction merely. The ceremony is imposing, but confers no practical benefit. The lady is led to some public place in the village or parish. There a speech is made to her by the orator of the day, and a sermon preached over her by the priest. Then the Mayor, or the highest public functionary present, crowns her with a garland of roses, and admonishes all the young women present so to demean themselves as to win a like testimonial of public esteem. The *rosière* is then marched through the village between the two highest public functionaries; all the military follow her, with their band playing joyful airs; and the affair winds up with a grand ball, of which the *rosière* is, of course, the queen.

It has happened curiously enough this year that the *rosière* crowned at Nanterre is the great-grandchild of a *rosière* who was crowned in the same place one hundred and forty-six years ago. The coincidence has added much interest to the ceremony. A portrait of the two *rosières*—the one of 1712 and the one of 1858—will be found on the preceding page.

At this same place, Nanterre, there was, some ten years since, a close contest for the honors of *rosière*. The competitors were Jeanne, the daughter of a baker, and an orphan named Madeline, who supported herself and a sister by sewing—a more difficult task in France than it would be here. Both were, undoubtedly, very good girls. Neither had ever been known to do or to say an unkind thing. The baker's daughter was rather good-looking; Madeline was small and plain. They were close friends, and loved each other as young girls love. As the time approached they were the only residents of the village who were not excited about the contest. Each was satisfied that the other ought to be *rosière*. The chances being otherwise equal, it was likely that Jeanne would win the day, the baker, her father, being a man of influence and weight. She was universally beloved, and all would have rejoiced at her good fortune. But, strange to say, a few days before the selection, the village of Nanterre was shocked to hear that Jeanne had roughly repulsed a poor crippled woman who had solicited alms of her, and that the old creature might have perished of want but for the kindness of Madeline, who had shared her humble lodging with her. This settled the question. Madeline was the *rosière*. No one congratulated her more heartily than Jeanne, and she married, within a few weeks, a promising farmer of the neighborhood. It was not known till long afterward that the affair of the old cripple was an imposture, planned by the good Jeanne, in order that her friend should win the prize.

Miscellany.

What is Life?

Dr. Chalmers says:

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around in the mill of habits, and turn the mill of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and thought an implement of trade: this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened: and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tear which freshens the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the death that startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in being.

—*Punch*, who, as every body knows, is the best-natured of funny men, has generously communicated to an anxious world the secret by which Mr. Rarey

Tames Horses.

We are so pestered by our inquisitive acquaintance as to the *modus operandi* of Mr. Rarey, that, at the sacrifice of our word, and the risk of incurring a penalty of £5000 for a violation of contract with the illustrious horse-tamer, we proceed to make known to the world the system by which the most vicious and unmanageable horse is rendered perfectly amiable and tractable. We will give the case of Cruiser. Mr. Rarey, after some difficulty, approached this violent animal, and having established a communication between them which seemed perfectly satisfactory to the horse, Mr. Rarey proceeded to unscrew the four legs of Cruiser, and to remove his head. Having performed these difficult operations with considerable skill, Mr. Rarey then introduced himself into the interior of the animal, and remained there some five or six minutes. He then emerged, and rubbed the horse's tail with a preparation of cold cream and cayenne pepper, replaced the head, rescrewed on the legs, and Cruiser the terrible was subjugated forever.

—Mrs. Ellis thus hints at

What the Girls need:

"The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more making puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock-modesty; more breakfast and less lying abed in the morning."

PROVIDENCE.

"From seeming evil still educing good."

The stone upon the wayside seed that fell,
And kept the spring rain from it, kept it too
From the bird's mouth; and in that silent cell
It quickened, after many days, and grew;
Till, by-and-by, a rose, a single one,
Lifted its little face unto the sun.

It chanced, a wicked man approached one day,
And saw the tender, piteous look it wore:
Perhaps one like it, somewhere far away,
Grew in a garden-bed, or by the door
That he in childish days had played around,
For his knees, trembling, sank upon the ground.

Then, o'er this piece of bleeding earth, the tears
Of penitence were wrung, until at last
The golden key of love—that sin for years
In his unquiet soul had rusted fast—
Was loosened, and his heart, that very hour,
Opened to God's good sunshine, like a flower.

—The following letter from

General Havelock

to his little boy, should be read by every little boy and girl in the land.

"My dear George,—This is your birthday, and here I sit, in sight of the house in which you were born, five years ago, to write you a letter. Now, though a little boy, you ought to have wisdom enough, when you get these lines, to call to mind how very good God was to you on this day, in preserving the life of your dear mamma, who was so sick that no one thought she would recover. At that time, too, I was in very poor health, but am now so much better, by God's mercy, that I have not had any suffering to complain of since I returned to India—indeed, since I saw you last, when I got on board my steamer at Bonn, to go up to Mainz, on my way to India. They tell me that, nowadays, it is the fashion for little boys, like you, to do no work till they are seven years old; so, if you are spared, you have two more years of holiday; but then you must begin to labor in earnest. And I will tell what you will have to learn. The first thing is to love God, and to understand His law, and obey it, and to believe and love Jesus Christ, since He was sent into the world to do good to all people who will believe in Him. Then, as it is likely you will be brought to be a soldier in India, you will have to be taught to ride well, and a little Latin, and a great deal of mathematics, which are not easy; and arithmetic, and English history, and French and German, Hindostanee, drawing, and fortification. Now you will say this is a great deal—quite a burden, and a cart-load of learning. But if you are from the first very industrious, and never let any day but the Sabbath pass over without four hours' diligent study, at least, you will soon find that the mountain of learning before you is cut down into a very little hill indeed."

Matrimony in Germany.

It is usual for lovers to tie large bunches of hawthorn to the windows of their sweet-hearts on the 1st of May. Those young ladies, however, who have not been fortunate enough to have obtained an offer, get a few handfuls of chaff strewed by the spiteful or the jocular over their thresholds; and it is by no means uncommon for the fair creatures who are thus treated to take the hawthorn from the casements of their rivals in the night, and, tying them to the sash of their own, oblige them with some of *their* chaff in return. It is customary, also, for swains to go to the windows of their *fiancées*, and firing off a pistol, to wish them a happy new-year. The term of betrothal is of different durations. In some cases it lasts only for a short period, but in others it continues for many years. It is frequently the custom for a lady to be betrothed to a young man filling some subordinate situation under Government, upon the understanding that they are not to be married until the youth's salary reaches an amount that is deemed sufficient for the maintenance of the pair. Officers, again, are often betrothed during their ensigncy, though every one in Prussia knows that the full grown "children in arms" are not allowed to marry until they reach the rank of captain, unless, indeed, they be able to deposit the sum of twelve thousand thalers in the hands of the Government, the interest of which is, under certain circumstances, duly paid to the little boy for the maintenance of his wife. The State, however, does not limit its paternal care to officers alone; it has a like regard for the interests of all persons of limited means, and will not allow them to commit matrimony until they can give good evidence that they have the wherewithal to support a family. In Coblentz, for instance, no one can become a benedict unless he can purchase his citizenship. This, a little while ago, cost only eight thalers; but the poorer families were found to increase so rapidly at these moderate terms, that the richer determined upon raising the purchase-money for the city freedom to thirty-six thalers (upward of $30), so as to offer every obstruction they could to marriages among the humbler portion of the community.

—A recent traveler thus describes

Life in a Flemish Nunnery.

The nuns never lie down, but sleep upright. I went up a narrow, cork-screw stone stair-case, into their cells, and saw these extraordinary beds; they consist of a hard and almost cylindrical mattress stuffed with straw, about three feet long, at right angles, to which is fixed an equally hard, upright palliasse, to support the back. There is no pillow, neither are there sheets, and only one small thin blanket. A basin and ewer of water stood on the ground, and the sleeping-habit hung on a peg behind the door. There was no other furniture. A small window opened on to the garden, and the honey-suckle which embowered it gave something of a cheerful aspect to the denuded little dormitory.

They rise at half past four, are only allowed five minutes to wash and dress, and go down to chapel, where they pray and meditate till half past five, when their first mass is said. This is always at a fixed hour, and is followed by one and sometimes more. After these they remain in the chapel till half past eleven. Their first meal, which they call dinner, is at half past twelve, and consists entirely of herbs, vegetables, rice, eggs, etc. Butter, cheese, milk, and what they call *lait battu*, they also eat, but not at *maigre* seasons. Their second and last meal is at seven, and consists of dry bread and the *bière du pays*. The sisters do every thing for themselves—washing, mending, sweeping, scouring, etc. The rule of the lay sisters is slightly less severe in every particular, but even this is ascetic enough to startle most secular persons.

The sister who showed us the mysteries of the house was a very pleasant, amiable-looking woman of about thirty-five. She had a peculiarly calm expression of countenance, and expressed herself perfectly happy in the life of which she had made her choice, now above fifteen years since. The discipline they observe, she said, was *bon pour l'âme et bon pour le corps aussi*. It seems they are removed from house to house to prevent too great an attachment to one locality.

The force of Habit.

She and another lay sister were sent a short time ago on a mission to England, and this was another considerable grievance to her; but she kept her trouble to herself, and accepted it as one of the acts of submission to the will of her superior to which her rule bound her. The first night they arrived at London, when they put up at the hotel, they were shown into a room where the beds were, of course, horizontal. This was a difficulty which had not occurred to them, and they made up their minds to adopt the same position as the rest of the world. But no sooner had they tried it than they found it impossible to sleep; accordingly, they relinquished the attempt, and taking the mattress off the bedstead, placed it half upright against the wall, and had reason to be perfectly satisfied with their ingenious expedient.

—Michael Angelo Titmarsh has this sensible word of

Consolation for Wall-flowers.

My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as the peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if, at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners, while Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night—console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you appear now at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach and six of beauty and see another step into it, and walk yourself through the rest of your life. You will have to forego no long-accustomed homage; you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain, all dust, gloom, cobwebs, within your once splendid saloons, and placards in your sad windows, gaunt, lonely, and to let. You may not have known any grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy.

Odd Thoughts.

Grey hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out and cast aside for telling unpleasant truths.

When a woman begins to count her admirers, it is a proof that their number is decreasing.

"Do not cry," said Saphir, the German critic, to a lady who was evidently rouged; "your tears will make you pale."

"The heart of a cold beauty," says Saphir, in one of his works, "is the ice in which she preserves the affection of her lover."

He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practiced every day by—the world.—*Bishop Latimer*.

Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; light blue, and much more, gray eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have generally the same meaning as the gray. Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and profound. Shakspeare, it is said, had hazel eyes; Swift, blue eyes; Milton, Scott, and Byron, gray eyes.

—The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.—*Carlyle*.

—Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater*.

—Without books God is silent; justice dormant; natural science at a stand; philosophy lame; letters dumb; and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.—*Bartholin*.

—The heart of a man is a short word—a small substance, scarce enough to give a kite a meal; yet great in capacity—yea, so indefinite in desire, that the round globe of the world can not fill the three corners of it! When it desires more, and cries, "Give—give!" I will set it over to the infinite good, where the more it hath it may desire more, and see more to be desired.—*Bishop Hall*.

—Be cheerful, but not light; solid, but not sad. —*Mason*.

—A helping hand to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It was Cobbett who said—and he told the truth, too—that woman is never so amiable as when she is useful; and as for beauty, though a man may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand in their love like seeing them at work, engaged in the useful offices of the home and family.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

A teetotaler, the other day, asked a neighbor if he were not inclined to the Temperance Society, and he replied: "Yes; for when he saw liquor *his mouth watered*."

It is said that one of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

"Did you not tell me, Sir, you could hold the plow?" said the master. "Arrah! be aisy now," said Pat; "how the deuce can I hould it, and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it me into the barn, and I'll hould it with any boy."

In 1676 Hannah Lyman, of Northampton, was fined by "ye Corte at Springfield" £10 "for wearing of silk in a flaunting manner, in an offensive way and garb"—probably in the hoop fashion now prevalent.

Phonographic.—A love scene overheard and phonographically reported by Phredered Phine: "Phairest of the phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my pheelings when I phorsee the phearful consequences of your phleeing phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with so much phortitude as I have, and as phickle phortune phails to smile upon our love, I phind I phorgo the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phair Phrances, pharewell phorever!"

"Hold, Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrances; "I will phollow you phorever." But Phranklin phled, and Phrances phainted.

New Multiplication.—Why is twice eleven like twice ten?—Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty, too.

To Destroy Flies.—Get a four-horse power engine. Put it in the back kitchen, run shafting in every room connected with the engine aforesaid by belting. On the shafting place *fly* wheels, smear the wheels with treacle, and set the engine going. The flies being attracted by the treacle on the fly-wheels, will light on them, and the wheel revolving rapidly, they will be wheeled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a bat, and let him smite them as they fall, and before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill as many as fifty a day.

In fishing, we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and *being* a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many scales.

What's the difference between a young woman and an old one?—One is careless and happy, the other is hairless and cappy!

Epicurean Philosophy.—Make hay while the sun shines. That is to say, take advantage of the season, so long as it lasts, to eat plenty of sparrow-grass.

Timor and the Fool.—The inhabitants of Neapolis, hearing of the approach of the conqueror, prepared to defend themselves with vigor, but Nasur counseled them to do nothing of the sort, but to trust to him alone, and his mediation with Timor. The people were doubtful of his success, but they yielded. Before proceeding to the camp of the besieger, Nasur, who knew it was useless to approach the great chief without a present, considered what gift was likely to be most acceptable. He resolved it should be fruit, but he hesitated between figs and quinces. "I will consult with my wife," said Nasur-ed-Deen; and he accordingly did so. The lady advised him to take quinces, as the larger fruit. "Very good," said Nasur, "that being your opinion I will take figs." When he reached the foot of the throne of Tamerlane, he announced himself as the embassador from the beleaguered citizens, and presented, as an offering of their homage, his trumpery basket of figs. The chief burst into a rage, and ordered them to be flung at the head of the representative of the people of Jengi-Scheher. The courtiers pelted him with right good will; and each time he was struck, Nasur, who stood patient and immovable, gently exclaimed, "Now, Allah be praised!" or, "Oh, the Prophet be thanked!" or, "Oh, admirable! how can I be sufficiently grateful?"—"What dost thou mean, fellow?" asked Timor; "we pelt you with figs, and you seem to enjoy it!"—"Ay, truly, great Sir," replied Nasur; "I gratefully enjoy the consequence of my own wit. My wife counseled me to bring quinces, but I chose to bring figs; and well that I did, for with figs you have only bruised me, but had I brought quinces, you would have beaten my brains out." The stern conqueror laughed aloud, and declared that, for the sake of one fool, he would spare all the fools in the city, male and female, them and their property.—"Then," cried Nasur, "the entire population is safe!" and he ran homeward to communicate the joyful intelligence.

CHILDHOOD'S INNOCENCE.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in mine angel infancy!
Oh! how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track,
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound;
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crush'd are sweeter still.—*Rogers*.

Mademoiselle Rachel hardly ever traveled without one's reading somewhere that she was about to be married. In England, the report was spread of her marriage with Mr. Lumley, the director of the Opera. Certainly, Mr. Lumley had given certain parties in her honor, at his country house, near London, but he never offered her his hand, save as a partner in the dance. Another time, on her second journey to London, it was young Lord Edward S.; on the third, it was a young French diplomatist, the Count J. "Count," said she to him, one evening in St. James's Theatre, where she was playing in "Horace," "do you know what is said—that you have offered me your hand?" "I offer you both, Madam, every evening, to applaud you!" "That's right; one alone was not enough."

He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his course to favoring breezes.

A fop in company wanting his servant, called out, "Where is that blockhead of mine?" A lady present answered, "On your shoulders, Sir."

In a debate recently, in the literary society composed *exclusively* of the pupils of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the question for discussion was, "Which are the most beautiful—the works of Nature, or the works of Art?" The advocate for the works of Nature, among other proofs of their superiority, instanced woman, directing attention at the same time, by a motion of the hand, to several fashionably and beautifully dressed ladies who were present.

A speaker on the other side (*a deaf mute by birth*), in his turn, adverted to this particular argument of his opponent, and claimed that he was altogether wrong; for, said he, "it is the dress of the ladies heightens their charms, and therefore they are emphatically a work of Art."

Colonel Moore, a veteran politician of the Old Dominion, was a most pleasant and affable gentleman, and a great lisper withal. He was known by very many, and professed to know many more; but a story is told of him in which he failed to convince either himself or the stranger of their previous acquaintance. All things to all men, he met a countryman one morning, and, in his usual hearty manner, stopped and shook hands with him, saying:

"Why, how *do* you do, Thir? am very glad to thee you; a fine day, Thir. I thee you thill ride your fine old gray, Thir."

"No, Sir; this horse is one I borrowed this morning."

"Oh! ah! Well, Thir, how are the old gentleman and lady?"

"My parents have been dead about three years, Sir."

"But how ith your wife, Thir, and the children?"

"I am an unmarried man, Sir."

"Thure enough. Do you thill live on the old farm?"

"No, Sir; I've just arrived from Ohio, where I was born."

"Well, Thir, I gueth I don't know you after all. Good-morning, Thir."

Here is a specimen of Emerald wit that isn't so bad. On the Cambridge Bridge there was a toll of one cent (now abolished). Two Irishmen approached from Boston rather dilapidated in appearance and having "nary a red" with which to pass the gate. A passer-by, on solicitation, gave one of them a penny; but how should this avail to get them both over? After "laying their heads together," one of them approached the toll-keeper and asked, "Sure an how much is it to go over?" "A penny a piece," was the reply. "Arrah now, an' may I carry a bundle on my back?" "As much as you please," said the tollman. Pat very deliberately stepped back, and taking Mike on his shoulders, walked up boldly, and depositing his penny, marched on with his burden to about the middle of the bridge, when they changed places, and Mike toted Pat over to Cambridge side. The penny saved was well-earned, the bridge being about a mile long.

Children love a good joke sometimes as well as "old folks." Looking out the window the other day, I saw my little six-year old sitting on a post, and watching the approach of a charcoal vender, who was crying at intervals of about a minute, "Charcoal! Charcoal!" Waiting till he thought the interval had about expired, Frank cried out, "Mister, what d'ye have for breakfast?" "Charcoal!" cried the man of soot. "Well," says Frank, as he dodged his head to escape the whip, "I should think that was rather poor eating!"

An umbrella is an article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

The not uncommon custom of pelting a friend, after he has left the company, seems to have been derived from the practice of the ancient tribes, who erected a monument to a departed hero by throwing stones upon him.

Medical practice may be said to be guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, July* 3, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been less firm for Flour, which has been in moderate demand, mainly for home use. Prime lots of Wheat and Corn have been sparingly offered, and have been in request. Other kinds have been dull and heavy. Rye has declined, closing quietly and languidly. Barley has been very scarce and inactive. Oats have been pretty freely dealt in....Cotton has been in slack demand, and prices have tended downward....A good inquiry for Coffee and Sugars at strengthening rates has formed the leading feature of the Grocery trade....Provisions have fluctuated slightly, closing steadily with a fair general demand....Hops have been more sought after at improved prices....A moderate inquiry from the near-by and local trade, for really desirable Dry Goods, is all that jobbers have to meet. Prices are generally maintained for favorite styles, as well as for standard fabrics. Jobbers are in possession of good supplies—while, in first hands, very few, if any, lots of Spring goods remain. Auction sales have nearly ceased for the season. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 75	@	$4 00
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 75	@	4 00
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 00	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 10	@	5 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 50	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 50
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 50	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 00	@	1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	76	@	1 10
Corn, per bushel	74	@	83
Rye, per bushel	—	@	70
Barley, per bushel..................	58	@	65
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel..............	44½	@	45½
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	40	@	44
Southern Oats, per bushel...........	34	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel...............	16 50	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel..............	13 35	@	13 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel.......	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce.........	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 50
Cut Meats, per pound...............	5½	@	5¾
Lard, per pound....................	10½	@	11
State Butter, per pound.............	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound..........	10	@	17
Cheese, per pound..................	8	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds...............	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	9¾	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	22	@	30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	37	@	39
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound.............	27	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	22½	@	23
Hops, per pound....................	6	@	8
Hay, per 100 pounds................	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound..................	9	@	9½

Stocks of several Articles in New York, July 1.

	1857.	1858.
Coffee, packages..................	73,173	40,847
Cotton, bales	45,205	76,963
Hides, number	188,631	116,163
Molasses, hogsheads	17,363	6,556
Molasses, barrels.................	17,053	4,582
Pork, barrels	45,730	46,199
Beef, tierces and barrels.........	24,247	14,700
Sugars, hogsheads	115,733	39,345
Sugars, bags......................	8,077	15,300
Sugars, boxes.....................	27,712	19,411
Tobacco, hogsheads................	6,169	8,894
Tobacco, bales....................	9,696	6,455

Freights were inactive. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 1½d. @ 1s. 4½d per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 4½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Beef, 2s. 9d. @ 3s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 751.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were not so freely supplied with Beeves, yet, in the absence of an active inquiry, prices declined a shade....Milch Cows were less plenty, and were in request....Veal Calves, as also Sheep and Lambs, were more abundant than they were needed; hence, they decreased in value....Swine were quiet and languid in price....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending *June* 23.	Week ending *June* 30.
Beeves....................	4,503	2,941
Milch Cows	220	194
Veal Calves...............	1,099	879
Sheep and Lambs	9,003	10,229
Swine	6,156	4,450

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1294	Kentucky	94
Ohio	718	New York	73
Indiana	223	Michigan	48
Iowa	93		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$ 6½	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 50	@	8 00
" " per pound.........	3½	@	8
Live Swine, per pound..............	4	@	4½
Dressed " "	4½	@	5½
Roasting Pigs, each................	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are generally well stocked with Early Vegetables and Fruits, which are becoming cheaper as the supplies increase. The demand is fair. Poultry and Game continue about the same.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$2 00	@	$3 75
Gooseberries, per bushel............	1 25	@	2 25
Cherries, per pound	5	@	12
Currants, per pound	3	@	6
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	5 22	@	—
Peaches, per box....................	9 50	@	12 00
Plums, per box......................	4 00	@	5 00
Beans, per bushel...................	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel...........	1 25	@	2 50
" new, per barrel	2 75	@	4 50
Onions, new, per barrel.............	3 00	@	—
" " per 100 bunches........	5 50	@	6 00
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 75
Beets, new, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	4 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches.........	3 00	@	4 00
Cabbage, new, per 100...............	2 00	@	3 00
Squashes, per barrel................	2 00	@	3 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen.............	50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	37	@	50
Green Peas, per bushel..............	37	@	62
Tomatoes, per box...................	2 75	@	3 00
Cucumbers, per 100..................	4 50	@	6 00
Eggs, per dozen	9	@	13
Chickens, per pair..................	62½	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound....................	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair.....................	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each..................	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound..................	12	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	2 25

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